

Children's Newspaper

Extraordinary Welcome of the Children's
Encyclopedia. Part One Selling Everywhere

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Weekly Companion of the Best-loved Magazine in the World

Number 188

Week Ending
OCTOBER 21, 1922

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

Postage: Penny Inland
Halfpenny Abroad

Every Thursday 2d.

A LETTER FROM HER MAJESTY

£10,000 A YEAR MEN CANADA FINDS ONE AND TAKES HIM

Rise of a Great Railway Manager During the War

BIG MEN FOR BIG SCHEMES

One of the great unfulfilled needs of the world, according to Lord Claud Hamilton, the experienced chairman of the Great Eastern Railway, is men who can do work worth a salary of £10,000 a year.

Two such posts have been calling for a man at the same time. One of them is the general managership of a group of five British railways that are being combined for better working; the other is the general managership of the National Railways of Canada, a group of lines controlled by the Dominion, and including all its principal railways except the Canadian Pacific.

Called Across the Atlantic

Whether the British railway group would give the £10,000 a year salary had not been announced when Sir Henry Thornton, the manager of the Great Eastern Railway, and the expected winner of the British appointment, went on a visit to Canada, and within a week of reaching the Dominion had been offered and had accepted the managership, at £10,000 a year, of the world's vastest system of railways.

Sir Henry is an American by birth, and just before the war he was brought to England to manage the Great Eastern Railway, after having had experience all through his previous working life on the Pennsylvania railways. There he began as a draughtsman in the engineering department, and rose to a managerial position.

Then England called him across the Atlantic, and he undertook the task of re-organising the Great Eastern Railway, which has a larger morning and evening traffic in and out of London than any other line. Before long the Liverpool Street terminus was freed from the enormous crush of passengers which had been for so long a cause of scandal and despair.

Men Who Can Do Great Things.

Then came the war, and Sir Henry was given post after post demanding ever-increasing responsibility in improving the railway services that carried on the war. So impressed were those in authority by his grasp of what was needed, and his ability in supplying it, that he received decorations from Great Britain, France, Belgium, and the United States, and finished in the second highest railway post that could be reached.

And now Canada calls to him as the £10,000-a-year man that it requires and must have. In all this there is an illustration that the world still wants men, at almost any cost, who can be trusted to do great things.

The Queen and the Mother of the C.N.



Her Majesty, who was one of the first readers to recognise the value of the original Children's Encyclopedia, and gave it to her children, has given the first copy of the new issue to the children of a school at Balmoral. This was the first copy seen at any school. See page 2

GREAT FOREST FIRE

TOWNS LAID IN RUINS

2500 Square Miles Swept by Flame

FIFTY PEOPLE BURNED AND 8000 HOMELESS

Between the fertile provinces of Eastern Canada and the fertile central prairie lands is a long stretch of rough, rocky country, of forests and lakes, but rich in minerals such as silver, cobalt, and nickel. Across a wide stretch of these lands, 2500 square miles in area, a terrible forest fire has swept, fanned by a fierce gale, with damage estimated at £1,750,000.

Seven townships have suddenly been laid in ruins, and in all 8000 people are reported as homeless.

So swift was the onrush of the fire that, though messages were sent everywhere that the telegraph could reach with warnings of the coming danger, 50 people, in many instances women and children, were burned to death. No such fire had ever before swept over this part of Canada.

The Rush for Safety

In the great forests of Canada and the United States, summer forest fires are quite common. But they are only dangerous to life when a wind carries the fire rapidly along. Then men and the whole animal world flee together to find an open space wide enough to break the onrush of the flames.

The fire broke out at a time when the children were at school, and lives were lost through brave and anxious mothers waiting too long for their children to join them before they made a rush for safety in some open, unwooded space.

Where an expanse of water was near a rush was made for it, and 400 people stood for hours in one of the lakes out of the reach of the flames that burned on the banks with destructive fury.

Many Refugees Drowned

Over one of the lakes a storm was raging, and boats were capsized, and many who had escaped the fire were drowned. Some reports give the number drowned as probably as large as the number burned to death.

Inland, whole families were cremated, one family including eight children.

The judges and lawyers in a court that was sitting in the fire-blighted district had to rush into a lake for safety.

Several deaths occurred during the rush for safety. One man carried his invalid mother half a mile on his back, and saved her. It is feared the total death toll may exceed 100.

With the prompt energy natural to the Canadian people relief trains were swiftly sent to the devastated districts, and the materials for rebuilding the ruined towns were on their way in less than a week.

CUTTING A TREE DOWN FROM THE TOP

Curious Feat of a Steeplejack

In felling a tall tree it is usual to cut through the trunk at the base and then to let the tree fall with a crash, or by means of ropes to ease its descent in a given direction.

At Rose Hill, California, a tall eucalyptus tree, 180 feet high, has been cut down from the top.

A steeplejack was engaged to do the work, and he climbed almost to the top and began to cut off a ten-foot length. The section had a rope fastened round it before it was cut through, and when it was separated the steeplejack lowered the section to the ground.

Then he proceeded to cut another ten-foot length in the same way, and so on until the whole tree had been felled. The work took nearly a week. The tree was closely surrounded by buildings; if it had been sawn through below there was nowhere for it to fall without doing damage to surrounding property.

A STEAM ENGINE WITHOUT A FIRE

Chemical to Run a Railway

A novel kind of boiler is being built for passenger steamboats making regular runs over short distances, and for driving engines of single cars on railways.

This boiler possesses the remarkable feature of having no furnace, the heat being generated by chemicals. It is the invention of Dr. Schreber.

The idea is not a new one, for over forty years ago trials were actually made on the tramways of Aix-la-Chapelle with locomotive engines in which no furnace was used. Now the idea is being revived.

A special boiler is filled with hot water under pressure, and a chamber is provided containing caustic soda—a cheap chemical which gives out intense heat on meeting with water.

The exhaust steam, as it passes from the engine, is conducted into the caustic soda chamber, where it produces this intense heat which keeps the boiler hot.

HEROIC MARCH PROFESSOR AND HIS SON IN TIBET

Bodyguard with Crossbows,
Spears, and Axes

NEW KNOWLEDGE OF MOUNTAINS

A wonderful journey of exploration through parts of Chinese Tibet hitherto unvisited by Europeans has just been accomplished by Professor J. W. Gregory, of Glasgow University, and his son.

Professor and Mr. Gregory were the only Europeans of this party of the Percy Sladen Trust Expedition, their main object being to investigate the structure of the mountains of South-western China and their relation to other mountain systems.

The first part of the march, from Bhamo on the Upper Irrawaddy, was over more or less known country, but five days east of Tengyueh the expedition entered country geologically unknown, and in part never before traversed by Europeans.

On arrival at Liachang-Fu an escort was provided against brigands.

Marching Over Snowfields

At one of the villages the headman provided as escort a levy of villagers armed with crossbows, spears, and axes, led by two men equipped with ancient muzzle-loading guns. Fortunately this force was not called upon to fight.

Entering Chinese Tibet from Wei-hsi, the "Western Fort" built to defend that part of the Yunnan border, the expedition continued up the valley of the Mekong River.

Here marches had to be made over steep snowfields, through areas where it was impossible to make any stay because the inhabitants were on the verge of starvation, whole districts being famine-stricken. So the mules and escort were left for a time, and after difficult journeys, on short rations and under the worst possible weather conditions, the explorers rejoined their caravan, and, marching northward, reached Atuntzu.

Bridges and Roads Washed Away

Once a flourishing garrison town, Atuntzu is now struggling and poverty-stricken, owing to the constant raiding bands of Tibetan robbers too powerful for the Chinese forces to cope with.

Then fresh troubles cropped up, and the Professor found it impossible to hire mules owing to the Government having cleared the country of transport animals for the use of their troops.

Abnormally heavy rains had broken down bridges and washed away the roads, and at some of the towns the travellers found the northern gates closed "to keep out the rain spirits," who are supposed to come from the north.

For 400 miles from the Irrawaddy it was one long struggle through slime and mud; but the party reached Bhamo satisfied with the results of their expedition.

THE GREAT HOWL

Fifteen thousand Wolf Cubs howled at the Prince of Wales at the Alexandra Palace.

"What a howl!" said he. "I was glad to hear it, because I know you mean it when you say you will do your best to carry out whatever the Old Wolf tells you. Stick to that. Always try to do your best whether at work or at play."



The Cub Howl

"And then don't forget your good turns to other people, and especially do your best in helping your mothers in your own homes. Never forget all through your life if you do your best you can't do better. So good luck to you all."

EXTRAORDINARY WELCOME OF THE CHILDREN'S ENCYCLOPEDIA

Queen Presents Part One to Balmoral School

FIRST SCHOOL CHILDREN TO SEE THE GREAT C.N. BOOK

The Editor of the C.N. has received the following letter from Balmoral Castle, dated October 7, 1922.

Dear Sir,

The Queen commands me to thank you very much indeed for the first fortnightly part of the new Children's Encyclopedia.

Her Majesty has looked through it and thinks it so delightful that she has at once given it to one of the Balmoral schools for the use of the children. Believe me,

Yours very truly, BERTHA DAWKINS

The children of this Balmoral school had thus the distinction of being the first school children in the United Kingdom to see the wonderful first part of the entirely new production of the Children's Encyclopedia, and it is a happy circumstance that they received their good fortune from the hands of the Queen, for her Majesty was one of the very first to handle the original Encyclopedia and to recognise its value. Every one of her children, she said then, was delighted with it, and glad to possess it.

In those days the Queen was Princess of Wales, and, the children now being grown up, her Majesty once more welcomes the old friend of their childhood, and hastens to introduce it to the children of Balmoral.

Everywhere people are reading the first part of this remarkable encyclopedia that Arthur Mee is making to explain the world to C.N. readers, and the first letters that come are full of praise. We can only give a few.

Dr. C. W. Kimmins, Chief Inspector of London Schools

It is excellent: just the very thing for children.

Miss Sybil Thorndike, the Famous Actress

My children will be absolutely delighted. They have been anxiously waiting for it. My little boy pointed out to me one of the advertisements, saying "this seems exactly what we want," and it was put on order. You are a sort of god in a household, the king of magazines and newspapers.

Bishop of Peterborough

I congratulate you. If it is as useful as the Children's Newspaper it will do well indeed.

Dr. J. H. Jowett

I do not hesitate to send you a word of hearty congratulation. It almost makes one wish he could be young again to have such delightful introductions into the romance and glory of our world.

Jean Sterling Mackinlay, the Famous Entertainer

I am sure our children will like it as much as we shall.

Mr. Selfridge

I never see it without a feeling of appreciation for the admirable work this Children's Encyclopedia must be doing. The more that are distributed throughout the kingdom the better.

Mrs. Snowden

I have read every page with deep delight, and find it difficult to praise, as highly as it deserves, a most admirable work. It ought to be in every home where there are children.

Professor J. B. Bury, Professor of Modern History, Cambridge

I am quite surprised at the skill with which your remarkable idea has been carried out.

C.N. readers who wish to make sure of securing a copy of Part One, now lying side by side on the bookstalls with the C.N., should order it at once. There is no time to lose if they are to secure a copy before the present edition is out of print. Orders for the complete work should be given immediately to the newsagent who supplies the C.N.

The Children's Encyclopedia is not a dull alphabet of facts; it is a book that fascinates and educates, the enthralling story of everything under the Sun in one thousand chapters and ten thousand pictures

THE PEACE BOYS FIFTY THOUSAND LADS RUN UP A HILL

The Stirring Sights the Prince
Saw at Alexandra Palace

WHAT HE SAID

By One Who Was There

Who could look on sixty thousand Boy Scouts, one wonders, without a thrill of hope for England, without a fervent faith that all will yet be well with this Old World?

A mighty day it was that took these little men to Alexandra Palace, crowding them along the bottom of the slope up which, as a white flag fell, they rushed to the Heir to the Throne, who stood there wondering at the sight.

A stirring sight it was for him, this throng of fifty thousand of the cleanest, healthiest, happiest lads in the whole of our British Isles—clean in their minds, healthy in their limbs, happy in their souls; and as the Prince stood at the flag mast, with the little telephone in his hand through which he spoke into the great transmitters which carried his voice to a hundred thousand people, he must have dreamed of the future when he would reign and they would serve.

Old Hats and Bare Knees

"Scouts," said he, "I have seen your brother Scouts in most parts of the world overseas with the same old hats, staves, and bare knees, and the same old smile when things looked bad, and there they were doing just the same good turns to other people as you are doing."

"You are members of a very big and jolly brotherhood, and you are doing a fine thing by making yourselves strong, active, efficient Scouts, because you are thereby carrying out your motto 'Be prepared'—to be good, useful citizens."

"There is no greater duty, so stick to it, do it well, and good luck to you."

They listened to their Scout Prince as they listen to the stories by their camp fires; these lads whose cheers had travelled on and on like a roaring sea, whose rush up the hill to the Prince's feet had seemed like a surging sea of life, or like a thousand million ants creeping on and on, were suddenly as quiet and still as if asleep; and we knew that every little heart was beating high with the thought of this great day and those great years to come.

Famous People Looking on

The Chief Scout stood there by the Prince, and proud he must have been to see his work—he, Chief Scout of All the World, who once had this great brotherhood as an idea in his brain.

And there stood many famous men, looking on with moving thoughts—ambassadors and editors, royal folk and plain folk, old men with life behind them and little boys with life ahead. There was Rudyard Kipling, thinking; he who wrote "For All we Have and Are," "Land of our Birth we Pledge to Thee," and that noblest of all our anthems, "God of our Fathers, known of old," leading on to that last verse:

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard,
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And, guarding, calls not Thee to guard,
For frantic boast and foolish word:
Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord.

Brothers and Sisters

Verily there is hope for a land with a Brotherhood of Scouts like these: hope for a world which has a million and a half of them, backed up with that great host of sister Guides, who, led by the Chief Scout's gracious wife, are the hope of Britain's Motherhood.

The C.N. sends its greeting to Scouts and Guides where'er they be, and prays for them all a long, long life of happiness and peace; a long, long journey through this wondrous world.

October 27, 1922

The Children's Newspaper

3

LIGHT WITHOUT HEAT

PROFESSOR'S DISCOVERY

Learning from the Luminous Creatures in the Sea

HOT AND COLD RAYS

For years past men of science have been trying to produce a light that will give off no heat.

The most successful lamp of this kind so far invented is known as Moore's vapour lamp, a kind of Geissler tube on a large scale. The colour of the light produced is controlled by the kind of gas contained in the tube; thus carbon dioxide gives a white light; nitrogen, pink; neon, orange; and so on. A German scientist has combined mercury and neon vapour in one lamp and produced a light that gives out very little heat.

Now, however, an American scientist, Professor E. Newton Harvey of Princeton University, has made an interesting discovery in a new direction.

Shining Animals

There are many creatures which produce a light described as phosphorescent, though it has nothing whatever to do with phosphorus. This light is due to two substances, known as luciferase and luciferin, but what they are exactly no one can say, though it is believed that they are of the nature of an enzyme, or ferment.

The luciferase is supposed to exist in the form of minute granules in the luminous organs of the creature, while the luciferin exists in the blood, and the light is produced as the blood goes into the luminous area.

It has hitherto been impossible to experiment with these elusive substances owing to the difficulty of separating sufficient for the purpose. Professor Harvey, however, has found a means of concentrating considerable quantities of luciferin from tiny crustaceans that live in the sea. These creatures are dried rapidly and ground to a fine powder, rapid drying being necessary to prevent the luciferin uniting with the oxygen of the air and water and becoming useless.

Green and Blue Rays

Luciferase, collected in a somewhat similar manner, is then mixed with the luciferin, and a quantity of the powder is dropped into a flask of water and violently shaken. Combined with oxygen the mixture gives off a light bright enough to read by.

It is found that 99 out of every 100 parts of energy thus produced are in the form of light, less than one per cent. being heat, whereas in an ordinary incandescent electric-light lamp 96 per cent. of the energy given off is in the form of heat, and only four per cent. light.

In the case of the luciferin practically all the illumination consists of green and blue rays, which are cold rays; the red rays, which are hot rays, being absent.

The discovery of Professor Harvey may lead to startling results in connection with the production of heatless light.

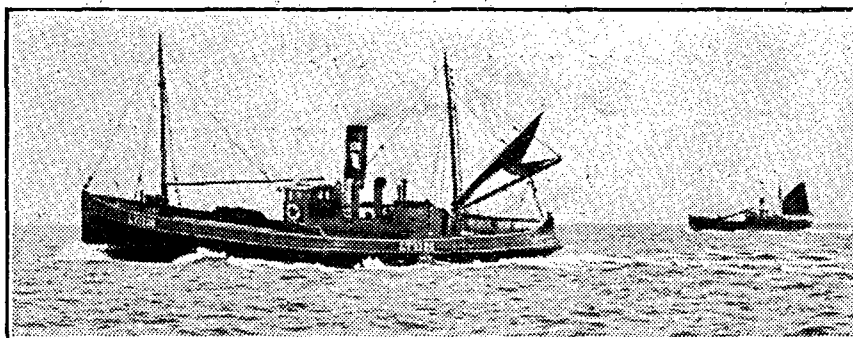
PIANO AT THE WORKS

The Musical Note of a Piece of Steel

It might seem that a railway works where big engines are built is not a fit place for a piano, but a scientific paper in America explains how it can play a very useful part there.

It appears that the best way to detect flaws in pieces of machinery is to strike the metal with a hammer and to compare the sound with the note of a piano. If the metal gives out a pure note, perfectly in tune with the piano, it can be taken for certain that there is no hidden flaw. With the use of the piano "discords" are discovered which could not be noticed otherwise—but, of course, somebody with a very keen ear is wanted for the experiment.

HERRINGS ARE PLENTIFUL NOW



Drifters starting out for the fishing-grounds



Part of the night's catch



An interval for tea below deck



Lowering the nets for a catch



Hauling in the catch

Herrings are reported to be plentiful this year, and large catches have been made by the drifters in the North-Sea. These pictures, most of which were taken by flashlight, show the life of the fishermen who pursue their calling by night

A NEW ETON

SPLENDID USE FOR A DUKE'S MANSION

Historic Home to Become a College for Boys

GIRL'S SCHOOL IN THE CONQUEROR'S ABBEY

There is to be another big public school in England ranking with Eton and Harrow and Rugby and Winchester.

It will find a home in the beautiful seat of the Dukes of Buckingham and Chandos at Stowe, and certainly no public school, not even the oldest and most historic, will have finer premises or more spacious playing-fields.

Stowe House, the home of the new school for boys, was built about the time that Charles II came to the throne, by Sir Richard Temple, a politician of Stuart times who is mentioned in Pepys' Diary, and it was greatly added to by later owners.

It is a splendid mansion in the classical style, 900 feet long, and the large grounds abound in temples and statuary. It cost at least half a million to build, but in 1921 it was sold with 272 acres of grounds for £50,000—a tenth of its value—and now it has been bought again for £30,000 by the committee that is organising the school.

Chance for Clever Boys

After certain alterations have been carried out, there will be accommodation for 240 boys, and the school will be conducted on the usual public school lines with classical and modern sides.

Though the fees will be high—somewhere about £200 a year—there will no doubt be some scholarships for clever boys whose parents are too poor to pay such fees, and already it has been arranged to found scholarships from the school to both Oxford and Cambridge.

With so many of the great public schools booked up for nearly ten years ahead, there is no doubt room for another school of the kind, and it is certainly a splendid use to which to put the stately home of dukes who have figured in English history.

Eton's Many Scholars

This will be the first public school to be founded in the twentieth century. The last school of the kind was established in 1862, when a governing council took over the college buildings at Haileybury, near Hertford, that had been the training establishment of the old East India Company, and founded there a public school, now known to all as Haileybury College.

That school has 500 boys who live in ten houses, but have their meals in common in the college. Eton has 1200 scholars, and Winchester, the oldest of all the public schools of England, 500 boys. Stowe School will date its birth almost exactly 550 years after Winchester, which was founded by William of Wykeham in 1373, though the present site was only bought in 1382.

Where Harold Fell

At the time that this new public school for boys is being organised in a ducal mansion, a girls' school is being conducted in Battle Abbey, the famous monastery founded by William the Conqueror on the site of the battle at which he won the English crown.

He built this abbey partly as a thank-offering for victory and partly to atone for the many men who were slain on the field. The supposed spot where Harold fell is marked in the grounds by a stone.

In this historic mansion, formerly inhabited by Lord Rosebery's mother, the St. Etheldreda's Girls' School from Bexhill has taken up its quarters, having leased the building for a term of years.

Conquerors and former dukes would rub their eyes could they see the uses to which their stately mansions are being put today. Pictures on pages 7 and 12

PROTECTING THE BIRDS

IS IT BEING DONE?

More Lovely Birds than Ever in the Hat Shops

ACT FOR STOPPING CRUELTY

By a Special Correspondent

The Act prohibiting the importation of plumage, passed through Parliament in 1921, came into force last April.

Its object was, while freely allowing the importation of feathers such as those of the ostrich, the marketing of which involves no cruelty or destruction of precious bird life, to stamp out the trade in this country in the skins and feathers of birds, the hunting of which threatened their extinction.

The matter was not one of cruelty alone, though the cruelty involved should be sufficient argument to prevent the slaughter of breeding birds to provide ornaments for thoughtless people. The destruction of birds has consequences which recoil upon the countries which permit it. When birds are destroyed insects gain the upper hand, often with terrible results.

Common Heritage of Mankind

Sometimes it is not realised, too, that many beautiful birds wear their lovely plumage only in the breeding season, so that when they are hunted for their feathers it means that they are destroyed at the very time when they are nesting. Many birds are quite ordinary looking creatures except in the breeding season, when they rapidly grow lovely coats or beautiful plumes. It is these very special ornaments which are cruelly hunted down by men who earn a few shillings for what is sold in milliners' shops for a few pounds.

It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of this subject. Beauty is the common heritage of mankind, and it is nothing less than the extinction of many glorious creatures which is threatened by the millinery plumage trade, and the Importation of Plumage Act seeks to stay this.

A Grotesque Hat

But though the law has been at work for about six months there are more feathers on sale in the shops than ever.

Take those rare creatures the birds of paradise, which are found only in New Guinea. The milliners and drapers display more paradise plumes than ever. They are sold freely, not only for decorating hats, but as hair ornaments for the evening dress of women.

Then there are the sunbirds, sugarbirds, rare parakeets, and so on. We recently saw, in Regent Street, London, a hat with a crown surrounded by a circle of flattened-out sugarbirds, with their beaks grotesquely protruding. There were about twenty birds on the one hat.

The skins of wonderful and rare parakeets are also wantonly displayed in enormous numbers.

How the Public Can Help

We should be glad to know, therefore, that the bigger trade in such plumage is merely the result of feathers being rushed in in bulk early this year in anticipation of the Act coming into force. In any case, it is for the public to protect the world from such wicked spoliation by refusing to buy the plumage, and by thus administering a deserved lesson to those who deal in it despite the clear intention of the law and the bad citizenship involved in breaking the law.

There is, of course, no need for such cruelty. Ostrich plumes are extraordinarily beautiful and plentiful, and no stigma attaches to wearing them. And all sorts of beautiful feathered ornaments, if they are desired, can be made from the feathers of common birds ordinarily used for human food. The trade in the plumage of rare birds is as unnecessary as it is shameful.

TERROR OF THE DIVER

DRAMAS OF OUR SHORES

British Conger Longer than a Man

HIDDEN DANGERS OF THE DEEP

When a fisherman at Hastings the other day caught a huge conger eel, six and half feet long and weighing 52 pounds, he no doubt felt proud of his feat. It is a good size, but nothing like a record. A lady a few days later caught an even bigger one, weighing 63 pounds, shown in the picture.



A 63-pound conger eel caught at Hastings

The males are always small, rarely much exceeding two feet; but a full-grown female may measure eight feet, and in good condition weigh nine stones—as much as a young woman.

Slimy, sinuous, powerful creatures, they are fierce fighters and as tenacious as bulldogs. The writer once caught one weighing 15 pounds, which had its teeth firmly fixed in the heel of his boot as he helped the boatman to row a mile and a half to shore.

Divers hate and fear them, for congers attack, and if one seizes an arm or a leg of the man in the water it will not let go unless its head be cut off.

Among the records preserved by our English divers is the experience of a tough son of the under-waters who was repairing a submarine wall of one of the Government dockyards. Suddenly a horrid form darted out of an opening in the wall at him.

The diver thought the sea-serpent story was true after all, and that here the creature was. But it was only a grim old giantess of a conger eel, striking with open, savage jaws from her fortress.

The diver evaded the attack, and, unable to reach the conger, watched it from day to day in the course of his work. Again and again he saw that loathsome head dart out, seize a passing fish, drag it in, and disappear like a flash.

Things the Diver Must Avoid

The conclusion reached by the diver was that the eel had entered the broken masonry when young, grown too large to escape, and was fast imprisoned, like a toad in a hole. He must have been wrong. Where a conger's head and shoulders will go its body will follow.

The diver does well to avoid congers. The conger, the shark, and the octopus are his three living terrors. The shark is least frequently encountered in British waters, but it does occur.

The octopus is really the worst, and is abhorred by divers. With those great encircling arms about him, the sucker-discs holding like so many vices, the sea-toiler is helpless. In places where such details are preserved they tell of men hauled up, fast-clutched by one of these brutes still fighting for possession of the diver even when landed high and dry upon the deck of the ship from which the man is working.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

A blue-white brilliant in a ring, £6250

A necklace of 67 pearls, £3600

A platinum mesh bag, 12 ounces, £350

Mauritius 2d. blue stamp unused, £170

OUR ONLY HOPE

League of Nations Making Its Way

WINNING NEW FRIENDS AND HELPING AN OLD COUNTRY.

By Our Political Correspondent

The Assembly of the League of Nations has held its third yearly meeting, closed its doors, and gone home. What impression has it made on the world?

Unquestionably the League has strengthened its position greatly, widened the feeling of respect felt for it, and convinced the world that it is doing solid work of high value.

Fifty-two States have now joined it, Hungary having now become a member. More than any other group of States ever formed it represents the world.

It has agreed upon a system of paying its expenses that is fair to all. The plan divides the expenses into 944 shares, of which Great Britain pays 95. The poorest States pay only one share. These are Austria, Paraguay, Panama, Liberia, and Salvador.

A Great Piece of Work

Other allotments of expenses are France 78 shares, Japan 73, India 65, China 65, Italy 61, Spain 40, Argentina, Brazil, Canada, and Czecho-Slovakia 35 each, Australia 26, Poland 25, South Africa 15, and New Zealand 10. Poland was assessed at 15, but voluntarily offered 25.

The last, and what may be the greatest, piece of work that the League has undertaken is the guaranteeing to Austria of such a sum of money as will prevent her from becoming bankrupt, if she will do her own part in reforming her spending of money; and this is done while Austria is left free. As regards Austria, the League appears to have set her on her feet when all other advisers have failed.

In short the League has commanded greater confidence and has won new friends—as, for instance, France—by the genuine value of its services to the whole world.

PICKPOCKET AT WORK

The Goat, the Rats, and the Ferrets

EATING MONEY

There is a Latin saying *auri sacra fames*—the accursed greed for gold—and a Belgian goat seems to have suffered from a hunger of that kind, for when it was being milked by the farmer's wife it calmly picked 500 paper francs out of her pocket and ate them.

The farmer thought that the goat had charged too much for its milk or that it might suffer from indigestion, and so he killed it, cut it open, and secured the fragments of the notes.

That is something like the tale of the ravenous rats, in Hungary. In Hungary two or three years ago notes representing a shilling and five-shillings of our money became worth less than farthings; and the peasants who got them in return for their produce used to keep them in sacks and take them at intervals to the bank. On one occasion, however, so the story goes, a peasant found, when he opened his sack in the bank, that almost every note had been half gnawed away by hungry rats.

But a few days ago a fierce ferret put these destructive performances quite in the shade. It escaped from a cage in a naturalist's window in Kentish Town Road, and before it was captured it killed for its dinner two fowls, four rabbits, one duck, six pigeons, and a canary. Probably it meant to have the canary for desert.

PLAIN SENSE FROM A GREAT MAN

LET US STOP ALL OUR COMMONPLACES

Turn the Committee of Conquerors Into a World League

SIR IAN HAMILTON ON PEACE

How contentedly we go on repeating commonplaces that do not matter in the least, and often are untrue, until suddenly someone speaks out what is real and vital and matters greatly, making the commonplaces look mean and paltry and unworthy.

Such a sudden illumination came in a speech by that fine thinker and gallant soldier Sir Ian Hamilton when he was unveiling a war memorial in Scotland.

How comes it (he asked) that nations fall from one convulsion into another, and find that any fanatic or adventurer has the power to drop sparks into the world's powder magazine?

The root of the matter is this. We have never made peace. Peace was the last thing the men who made the treaties of peace were thinking about. Punishment is what they were after.

Peace does not need armies to enforce it.

Make next a real League of Nations instead of a committee of conquerors, and ask them, as their first task, to flood the powder magazine of Europe.

There came a flash of insight that lighted up the ghastly hypocrisies of the world against a background of simple truth.

THE WAY OF A DUCK

Five Snail Shells in a Nest

By Our Paris Correspondent

Perhaps the Natural History Correspondent of the C.N. will explain the curious story that has just been told in France about a duck.

The good, motherly animal, haunted by the wish to raise a brood of ducklings, did as her kind have ever done: she laid her eggs in one of the nests in the fowl-house; but, for some reasons we do not know, it did not suit the owners that the bird should hatch her eggs, and they were therefore taken from her one after the other.

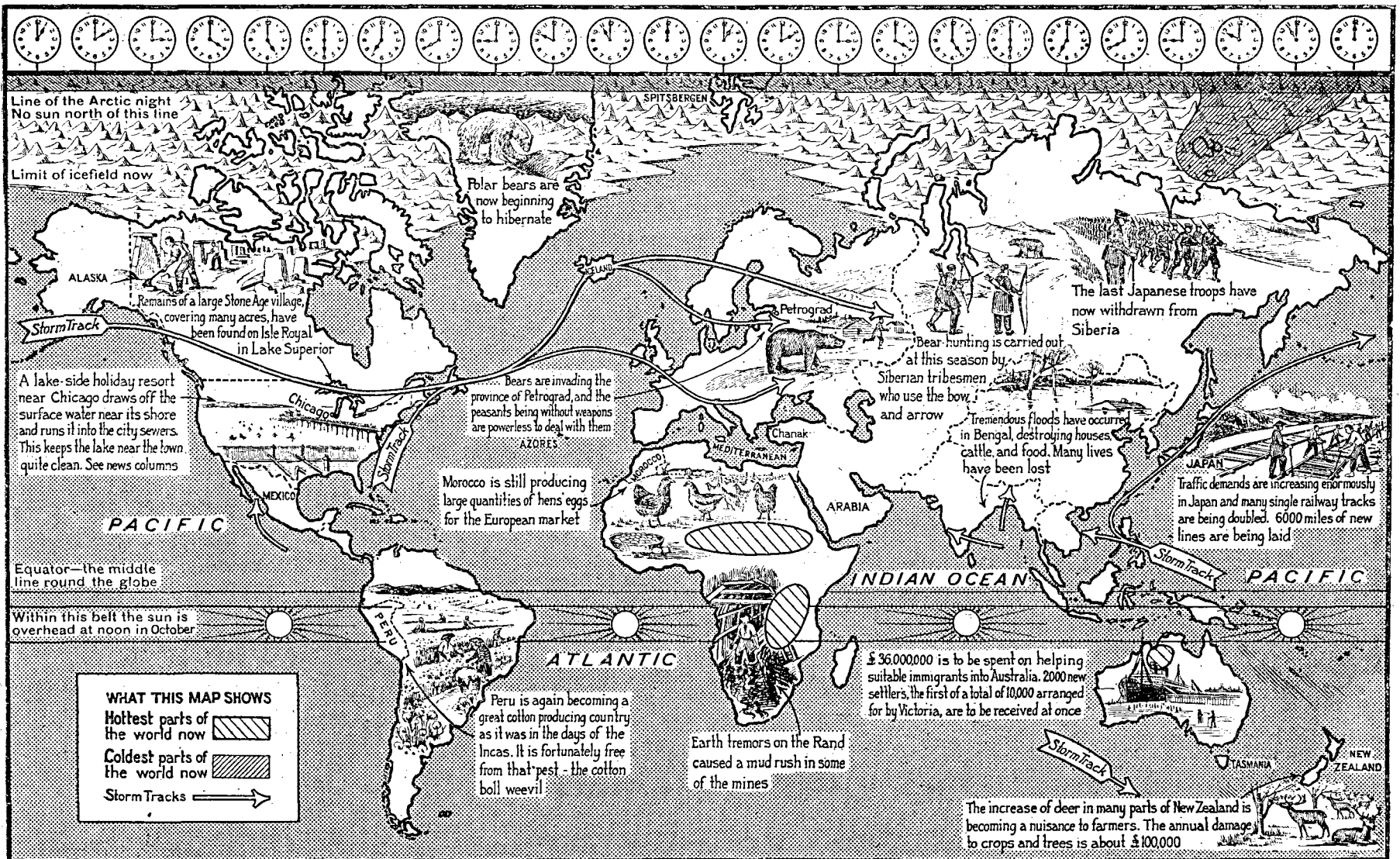
The duck wondered, got very cross, and ended by looking for another corner of the Earth where she could sit in peace. She found a corner under a hospitable hedge that seemed made to keep a bird's secret, and in this safe shelter she laid the three last eggs of the sitting.

Mystery of the Egg

But what was it that crossed the mind of the duck after she had laid her three eggs? Did she guess the ridicule that would light upon her when a miserable brood of three waddly ducklings followed her about? Did she dislike an odd number? Did she think three eggs were uncomfortable to sit on, and that they would roll about the nest? Who knows? Whatever it may be, five empty snail-shells of gigantic size were found, side by side, in the nest with her own three eggs.

Those shells, probably emptied of their occupants for a long time, pretty nearly matched the whiteness of the glossy duck's eggs, and she conscientiously sat on these big Burgundy snails, evidently in the hope of bringing out from them five little ducks!

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING STORMS ALL OVER THE WORLD



MISS POWDER NOSE

Why Does She Do It?

CHOKING UP A HEALTHY SKIN

By Our Medical Correspondent

We are surprised to see that somebody writing as a physician in one of the grown-up papers affirms that if anti-septic cream be applied every night face powder cannot produce any harmful results, even though he admits that otherwise powder is likely to produce a coarse, shrunken skin.

If powder is deleterious to the skin, as it certainly is, it is difficult to understand how the application of cream for a few hours can undo the damage.

During all the hours of daylight, when the skin should have been exposed to light and air, its pores have been choked and its surface covered with powder, preventing free evaporation and probably forming acid or poisonous products. There is no excuse for such a destructive and ugly habit. The excuse made for it—that it hides a shiny nose—is no excuse. In health the skin should shine, and nothing looks so ugly as the leprous appearance of a powdered nose, like a dead thing in a living face.

It is probable that girls who powder their noses do not see them rightly reflected in a mirror; if they saw them as others see them they would hardly disfigure themselves again, even if cold cream could prevent the powder from making the skin coarse and shrunken and their faces prematurely wrinkled.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Echidna	E-kid-nah
Geissler	Gy-sler
Liszt	List
Luciferin	Lu-sif-er-in
Pericles	Per-i-kleez
Protocol	Pro-to-kol

BURNS IN A SCRAP BOOK

Old Verse Found

Finds from the poets have been frequent lately. First, a possible collection of verses by Milton, if the handwriting can be accepted; then a copied manuscript of parts of Dante's greatest work; and now some verses by Robert Burns not previously published.

Burns had a habit of scribbling verses in borrowed books with a pencil, and there seems to be good evidence that he followed this habit when his friend John Syme, one of the executors of his will, lent him a book entitled The British Album.

Anyhow, Syme wrote in the book that the poet had put verses in it, which, when the book was returned, Syme inked over so that the original pencilling might be preserved.

Of all our writers with great reputations Burns was the most prolific in scraps thrown off on the spur of the moment; but such casual writing does not represent fairly the poetical quality he could attain.

SLEEPING SICKNESS

Supposed Discovery of a Cure

By Our Medical Correspondent

Though sleeping sickness is a tropical disease, and does not invade lands in the temperate zone, it has slain hundreds of thousands of men and women in Africa, and we must all rejoice to hear that a cure for it has probably been found at the Hamburg Institute for the Study of Tropical Diseases.

The cure is a new drug known as Bayer 205, because made at the Bayer research laboratories; Dr. Martin Mayer and the other doctors who have been experimenting with it for four years have found it efficacious in cases of disease, both in animals and men.

Animals treated with it are not only cured, but rendered immune to the disease for months. Two cases of sleeping sickness in men were cured in a few days, and Dr. Mayer himself considers the remedy certain.

CHANAK

The Latest Place on the Map

It is curious how, from time to time, all eyes are turned on some place on the map of the world that not one person in ten thousand had noticed before. Sometimes the place is not on ordinary maps at all, and has to be put there hurriedly when it becomes talked about.

The latest place that all have been looking at is Chanak, a little town with a Turkish, Greek, and Armenian population, overlooking the narrowest part of the Dardanelles from the Asiatic side.

It lies in the belt of country made neutral in order that the Dardanelles, the Sea of Marmora, and the Bosphorus should be kept free for the passage of ships of all nations. These waterways are ringed round by land withdrawn from the rule of any one country, and held by international troops for all the world. British, French, Italian, and Greek soldiers have held this no-man's-land ever since peace proposals were made to Turkey.

No place in the neutral belt is more important than Chanak in settling whether the Straits into the Black Sea shall be free. Any army holding it could keep the Straits closed.

Surrounded by hills in which brigands conceal themselves, Chanak is not an inviting spot, but it has a long history. A three-hours' motor drive from it will enable anyone to reach the ruins of Troy, where nine different cities were built, one on the top of the other; and Chanak itself has had a name for more than 500 years. See World Map

THE TELEGRAPH BOY

Smartening Up His Uniform

The puttee as an out-of-doors form of clothing has reached the telegraph boy, and will reach the postman.

The messenger lad is being equipped with a double-breasted top coat, knickers, and puttees, and a similar uniform for the postman is coming along in due course.

It looks a workmanlike outfit for winter weather.

TOM AND DICK

Mr. Edison Meets a Friend

STORY OF ONE OF THE FIRST ELECTRIC LAMPS

A grey-headed old gentleman entered the brilliantly lighted dining-room of a New York hotel where a dinner was arranged in his honour, and, as he passed to his seat, paused by one of the chairs and said to the man seated in it:

"Hullo, Dick!"

"Hullo, Tommy!" was the reply.

Tommy was Thomas A. Edison, the world's foremost inventor; the dinner was to commemorate the first installation in the city by him of electric lighting, exactly 40 years ago; and Dick was one of the first customers for the light.

There were 59 customers when the lighting plant was started, and they were served by Edison with 3447 lamps. Forty years later, when Tommy and Dick exchanged greetings at the dinner, the customers numbered 215,000 and the lamps they used were 21,500,000.

Naturally the old friends at the dinner thought backward for 40 years, and Dick, otherwise Mr. Richard Kolb, aged 80, told how Edison had called at his saloon and asked how he liked the new light. His reply was that his customers liked the light well enough as a light, but grumbled because they could not light their cigars at it. Whereupon Edison went away thinking, and a few days later came back with an electric contrivance by which cigars could be lighted without trouble.

Of the 600 guests at the dinner 32 had been associated with Edison throughout the 40 years since the first installation of his lights; and at the dinner the room was illuminated with the same soft yellow glow that had been seen in the first successful incandescent lights.

So does one man's life bridge over the period during which electricity has been known as an illuminant.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

OCTOBER 21 1922

A Nation's Fresh Chance

ONE of the wonderful things about life is that it is always being renewed. It is for ever starting all over again.

All creatures live and die, and each new life is like the turning of a fresh page. The children of a country are its new pages. We can better judge the future of a nation by examining its children than in any other way.

If a nation's children are well trained in good schools and healthy homes, we may be sure the nation will be great and prosperous.

There is a very wonderful thing for us to learn in this connection, which few people know, but which everybody ought to know. It is that the human race has a fresh chance with every child that is born. *The new page is a clean page.* If a baby born in a slum could be snatched away from its surroundings and nurtured and educated as if it were a precious possession, the poor child would almost certainly live to be a healthy and creditable citizen.

Most of us inherit physical well-being as a birthright. The human race has a standard which has not failed in spite of all our want of care and want of thought. The glorious hope is held out to us by science that we can make our people in the days to come universally healthy—and therefore universally happy.

Sometimes we see passing through the streets great lorries containing the huge rolls of paper, wound like sewing cotton on reels, which are turned into newspapers. It is wonderful to think what strange things come to be printed on those miles of paper as they are unwound in the printing presses. New pages they are, and we write on them whatever we please. As for the C.N., we do our human best.

So it is with children. They are the new pages of civilisation, and life as it is lived day by day writes on them until each has formed what we call a character. The writing on the new pages is all-important, for we never forget what we learn in our early years. An old man of eighty will tell us that he cannot remember what he read a month ago, but he can never forget words he read seventy years ago, when his mind was young and being shaped.

The writing on the new pages of life cannot be rubbed out, and that is what makes a child's life so important. That is why in the first twenty years of our lives we need to take pains to see, hear, and read the right things. It is easy to learn a language, or to acquire a habit at ten or fifteen. Thirty years after, when the page is covered with writing, it is hard to learn and harder to forget.

Let us remember always that we, the Young, are the world's great chance to make a new start.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Found Out

A GREAT lady's scandal book, which came out not long ago with a big boom at twenty-five shillings, is in our secondhand list for fifteen pence. Be sure your book will find you out.

The Better Way

THE gentleman who has been saying we should become manlier if we settled our quarrels by duels instead of in a court of law is not ahead of the times, but behind them.

Men do not always win wars or wars because they deserve to; generally they win them because they are stronger, cleverer, or luckier than their opponents. These are the crudest and most unreliable ways of seeking to obtain justice. Should you kill another in a duel you do not prove you are the better man, only that you are the better swordsman.

If you are afraid to appeal to reason to decide your case, what you want is not your rights, but the other's rights.



The Army that Never Demobilises

All countries have a great army that will not demobilise—the army of those who hang about a nation's neck like a millstone instead of helping it on.

Dyb and Dob

WE could not resist the feeling, watching 64,000 Scouts at Alexandra Palace, that here was the greatest Peace and Health Army in the world.

The greatest Peace Army in the world, surely, for they belong to a vast World Brotherhood, born in thirty lands, all of whom have promised to love God and help other people. That Grand Howl of the Wolf-cubs beats all the howls we know. *Dyb! Dyb! Dyb!* and *Dob, Dob, Dob*, say they, in Wolf-cub language for *Do Your Best!* and *We Will Do Our Best.*

They are the greatest Health Army, surely, because all they do makes for moral and physical health. "Whatever they do they seem to do well," a voice behind us said as we watched; and so it is. They learn the joys of open-air life; they learn to respect energy, and pluck, and self-control; they learn to find pleasure in the pleasure of other people; and even the tiniest Wolf-cub does somebody a good turn every day.

So they become healthy in heart and mind and body—kind, intelligent, and vigorous, and what could be better?

For Ever True

SOMEBODY has been trying to prove that Abraham Lincoln never said the most famous thing he is supposed to have said:

You can fool all the people some of the time, and you can fool some of the people all the time, but you cannot fool all the people all the time.

We hope it was Abraham Lincoln who said it, but the glorious thing about it is that it is eternally true.

Tip-Cat

WAR starts, says the Rev. Studdert Kennedy, in the counting-house. It ends in a house where there is nothing to count.

A BETTER name for Middle Europe would be Muddle Europe.

THE new Lord Mayor is a member of the Fruiterers' Company. He will know all about current affairs.

THE Public School, it seems, should find out what is a boy's natural bent. Then, of course, it should make him upright.

A CORRESPONDENT remarks that it is very difficult to find a name for a house. So it is to find the house.

THE English are said to be uncommunicative. Tell that to the telephone girl.

A DOCTOR declares there would be no indigestion if people did not think about their food. The worst of it is there would be no food, either.

WORKMEN have been examining the top of the Monument. They have not been able to spin it.

A STERN critic declares that woman has never invented any striking thing. Otherwise she might have beaten man at his own game.

Chances

THE business man who has been urging us never to miss a chance should think again. It is better to miss some chances than to take them.

You will often have a chance to rise in the world by taking advantage of the simplicity, trustfulness, or misfortune of another, and it is always better to lose such a chance than to lose your self-respect by taking it.

The fact is that the man who trusts to chance can seldom be trusted. In order to get the best out of life we must put our best into it, and we can do that without looking for chances.

Troubles

Never bear more than one trouble at a time.

Some people bear three kinds—all they have ever had, all they have now, and all they expect to have.

One at a time is enough.

The Storyteller

And His Wonderful Tales of All Times and All Peoples

ONE morning a King was awakened from slumber to find his twin sons standing before him.

"Father," they said, "we are young and restless. Give us something difficult to do that will take us out into the world."

Now the princes were always coming to him with such requests, and the King was tired of inventing tasks for them; so he replied:

"Go into every country of the Earth and try to win its chief treasure. Whoever succeeds best in ten years shall inherit the crown."

So the King turned over and went to sleep again, and the princes summoned their retainers, and rode away.

On the last day of the ten years the soldiers on the battlements saw a great cavalcade coming from the North, and a solitary horseman riding rapidly from the South.

Treasures that Live

It was the princes returning. He who came from the North brought all manner of rare things—jewels, ivories, armour, statues, spices, tapestries, glittering birds, and queer animals from every corner of the Earth. The best of all was a lovely Saxon Princess, whom he had wooed in the far-away island of Britain.

When she had been welcomed the King turned to his other son, who had come from the South.

"Have you brought nothing, my son?" he asked.

"Yes, father," said he. "I carry my spoils with me. I had not travelled long before I learned that the great treasure of a country is its stories. What are the Scone Stone of England, the Iron Crown of Bavaria, or the Golden Stool of Ashanti? They are dead things, stone and metal. The soul of a people is a country's precious treasure, and it lives in the stories which have been told around the hearth from one generation to another."

Casting a Spell

"I have spent my ten years in learning the stories of the world, and I would not exchange them for all the pearls in the sea."

"My son, you are right," the King exclaimed, "and the crown shall be yours on one condition. You shall live at my side and tell me stories every evening."

And so the prince was called the Storyteller, and his tales cast such a spell on those who heard him that even the unsuccessful brother bore him no ill-will, while his little nephews and nieces loved him better than all else in the Royal Palace.

The stories he told, the stories of all ages and all peoples, the tales they tell in every land to little children growing up and old men in the chimney corner, are all in the great new book that Arthur Mee is making, the *Children's Encyclopedia*, of which Part One is ready everywhere now.



PETER PUCK
WANTS
TO KNOW

If the next time
Tino goes will
be the last

Children's Newspaper Pictorial Supplement

100 PICTURES FROM THE MATCHLESS PICTURE BOOK

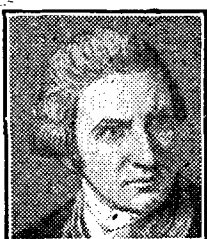
We give in this special supplement one hundred pictures from the matchless picture book of the world—the Children's Encyclopedia. This world-famous book, now produced entirely new for C.N. readers, is crammed with thousands of pictures of everything under the sun, and hundreds of plates (containing thousands of objects) in full colour and in photogravure



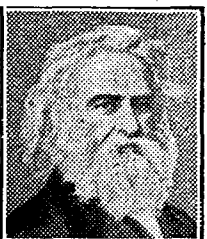
Sir Walter Scott



Blériot



Captain Cook



Longfellow



Sir Humphry Davy



Sir John Franklin



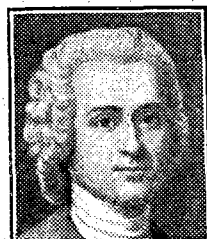
Julius Caesar



Humboldt



Cranmer



Rousseau



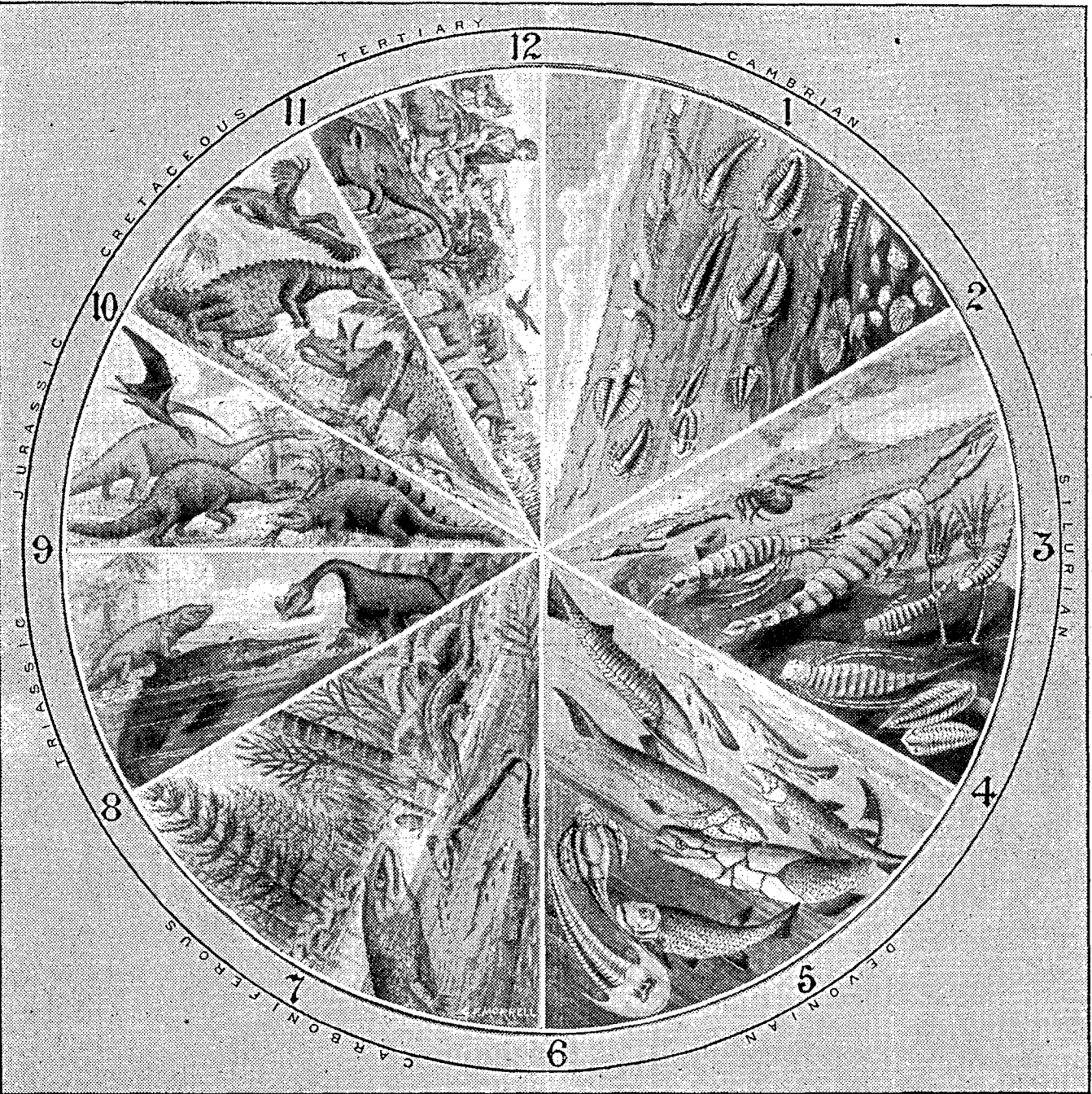
John Hampden



Victor Hugo



Santos-Dumont



Day Clock of the World—Each hour may stand for 36,000,000 years, and the time before life appeared would be 36,000,000 years more



Orville Wright



Sir Francis Bacon



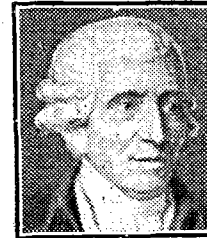
Shakespeare



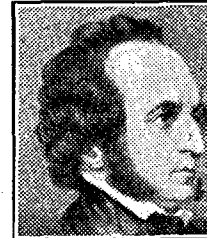
Dr. Johnson



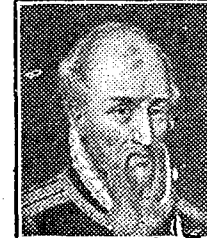
Nelson



Haydn



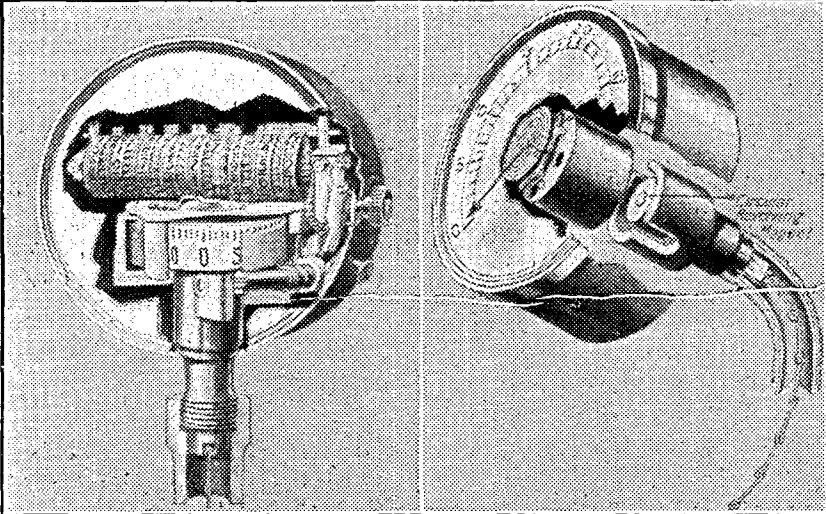
Mendelssohn



Palissy the Potter



Charles Dickens



The Inside of a Speedometer



Dante



Milton

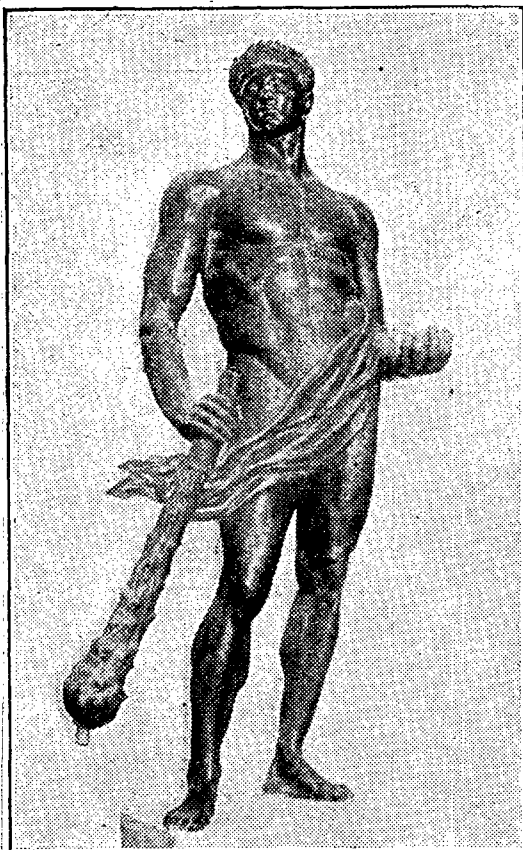


Kepler



Edison

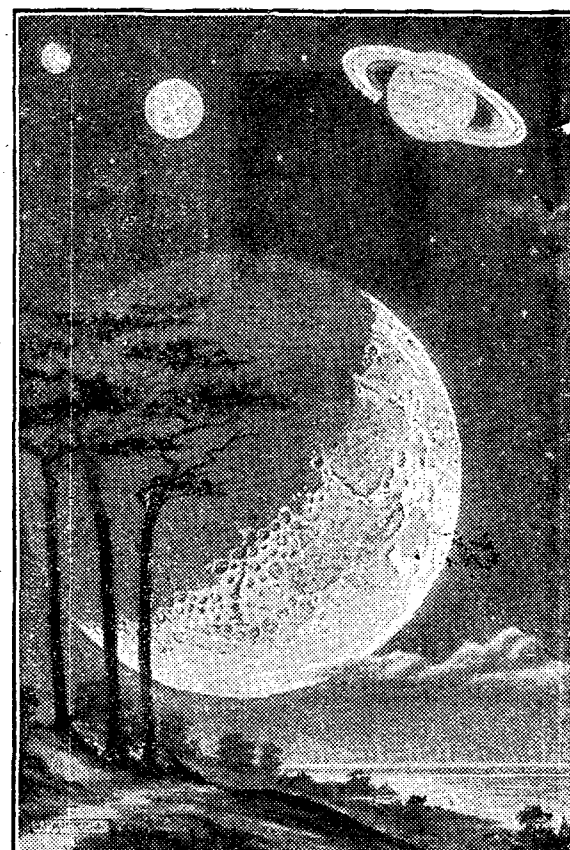
A LOOK AT THE MARVELLOUS GALLERY OF ART IN THE



Hercules as a Young Man



Reynolds's Painting of the Countess Spencer and Her Child



The Solar System as we should see it if c



The Little Inky Boys



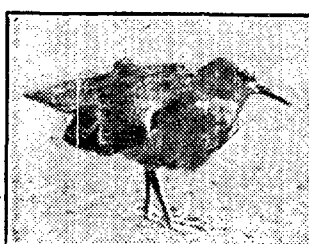
Summer-time



A North-Eastern Express



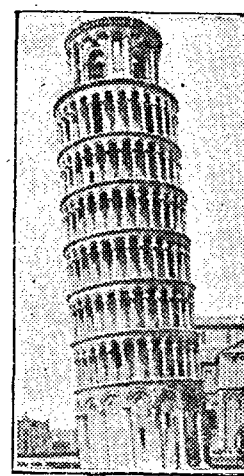
Meadow Ant



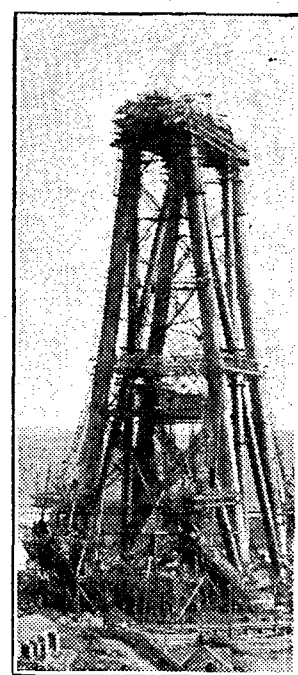
The Knot



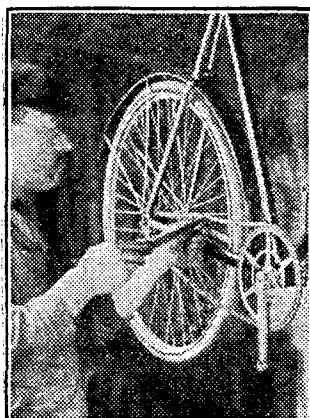
The Fly Agaric



Leaning Tower of Pisa



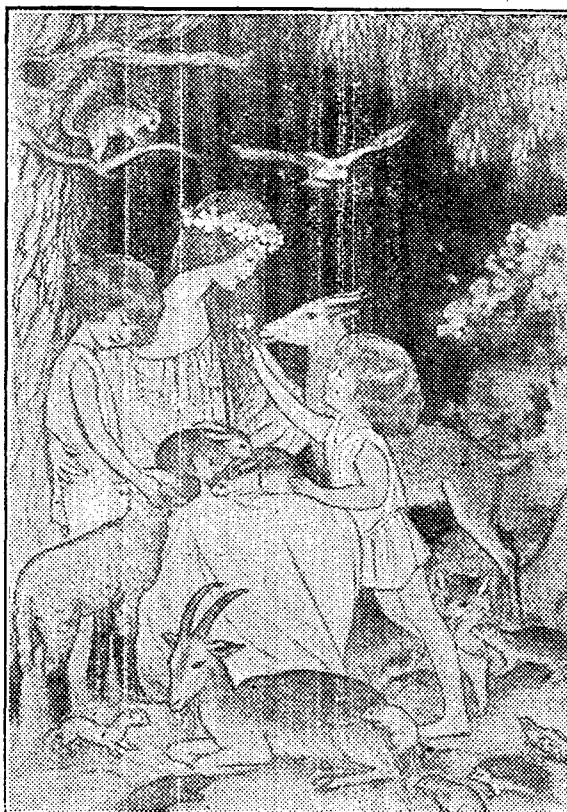
Building of t



Fitting a Bicycle Chain



The Gorilla



Mother Nature and Her Little Ones



Larva of the Mosquito



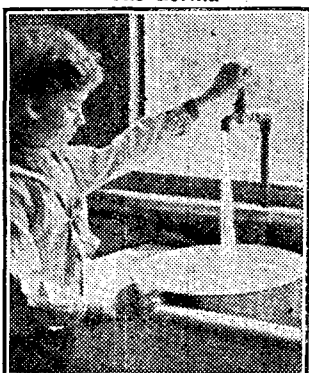
Pericles



Moorish Jackal



Agrippa and the Inky Boys



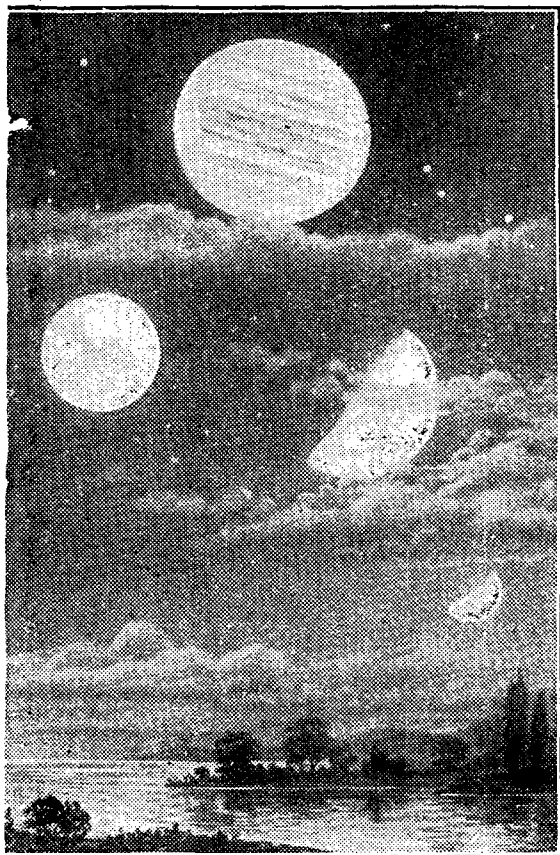
A Boy Turns on a River



The Babes in

IF YOU WANT A PORTRAIT, A CATHEDRAL, A SHIP, A TRAIN, AN AEROPLANE, OR THE INSIDE OF SOMETHING LIKE A TELEPHONE OR A BUT

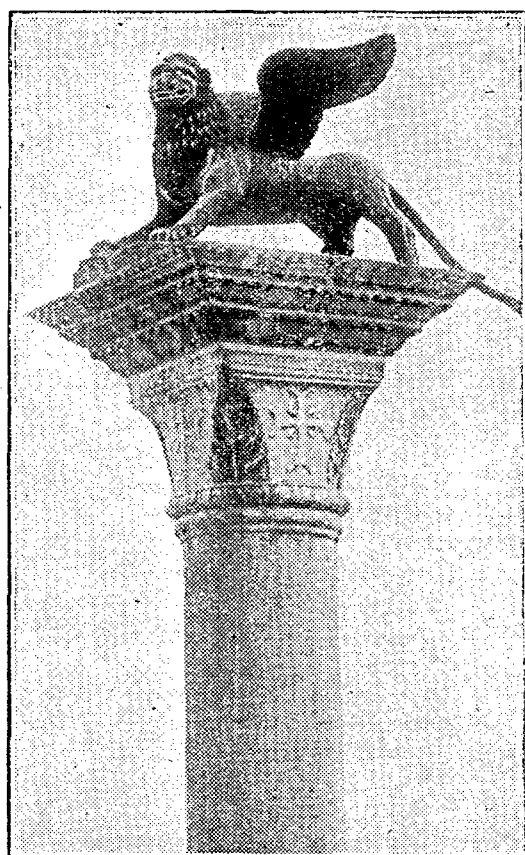
THE GREATEST PICTURE BOOK SINCE THE WORLD BEGAN



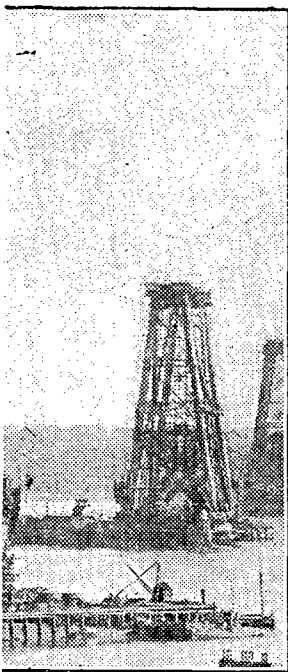
Our unaided sight could reach to Neptune



The Laughing Cavalier. By Frank Hals



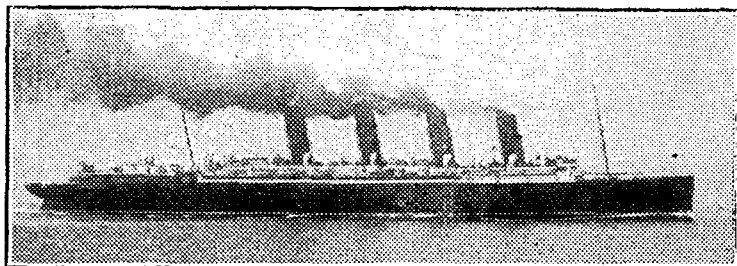
The Lion of St. Mark at Venice



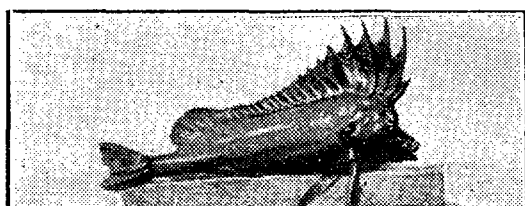
The Forth Bridge



Happy Childhood



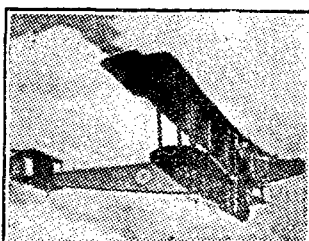
The Mauretania leaving the Channel



Diving Fish



The Goldfinch



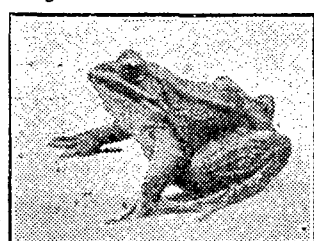
A Handley-Page Aeroplane



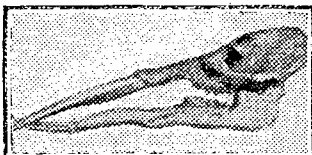
The Blackamoor



Common Squirrel



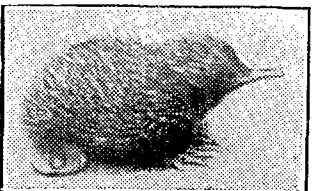
Edible Frog



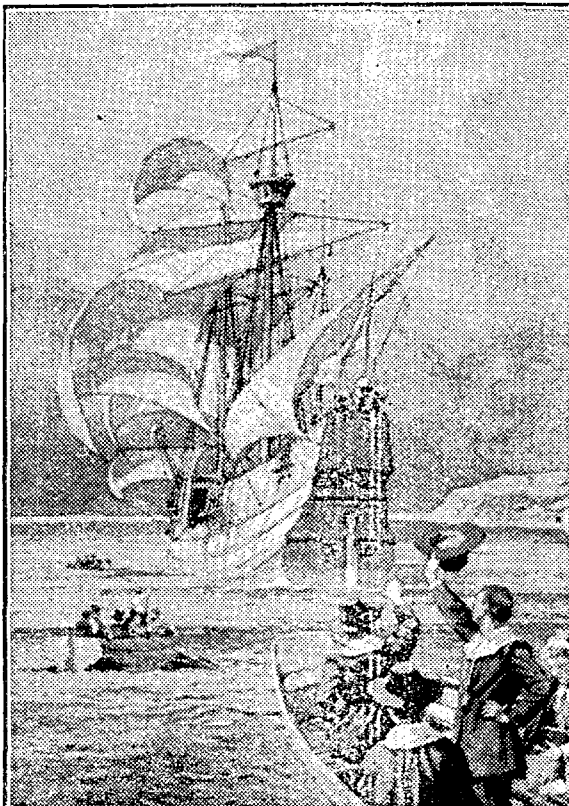
Skull of Prehistoric Elephant



The Spotted Flycatcher



The Echidna



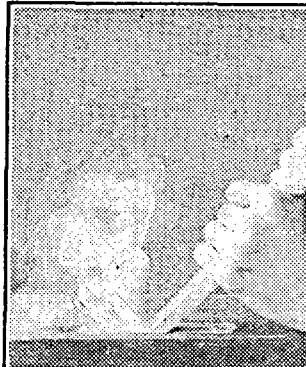
The Mayflower leaves Plymouth for the New World



One of the Churches of Venice



Robinson Crusoe



Fire by Friction



The Fever-few



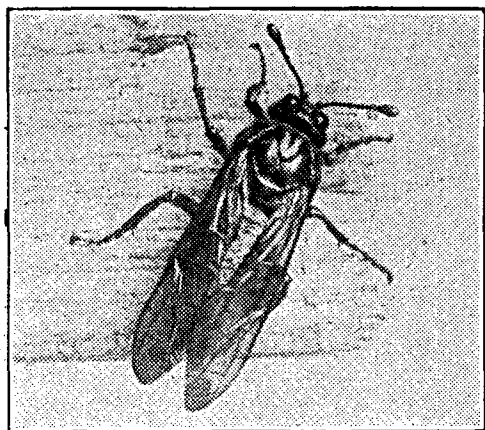
the Wood

IF YOU WANT TO SEE THE GREATEST PICTURE BOOK SINCE THE WORLD BEGAN, LOOK IN THE CHILDREN'S ENCYCLOPEDIA, FROM WHICH THESE PICTURES ARE TAKEN

iv

Children's Newspaper Pictorial Supplement

PICTURES FROM THE C.N. BOOK NOW SELLING EVERYWHERE



Hornet Clearwing Moth



Egg-case of a Skate



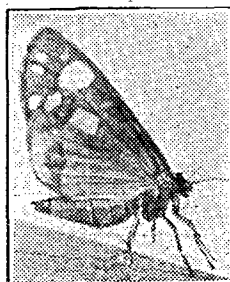
Drinker-moth Caterpillar



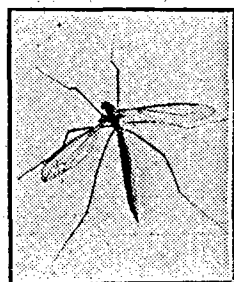
Elephant Hawk-moth Caterpillar



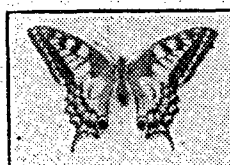
Prehistoric Drawings of Boar and Huntsman



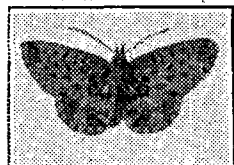
Scarlet Tiger-moth



Crane-fly



Swallow-tail Butterfly



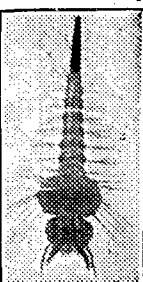
Pearl-bordered Fritillary



Red-Admiral Chrysalis



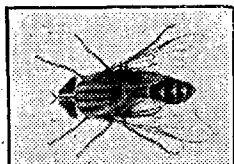
Drinker Moth's Eggs



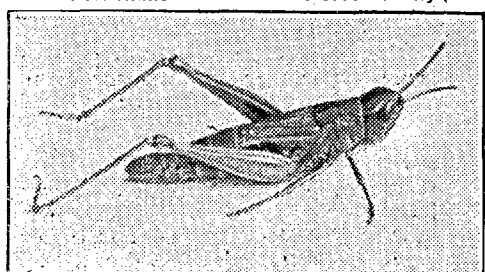
Larva of Common Gnat



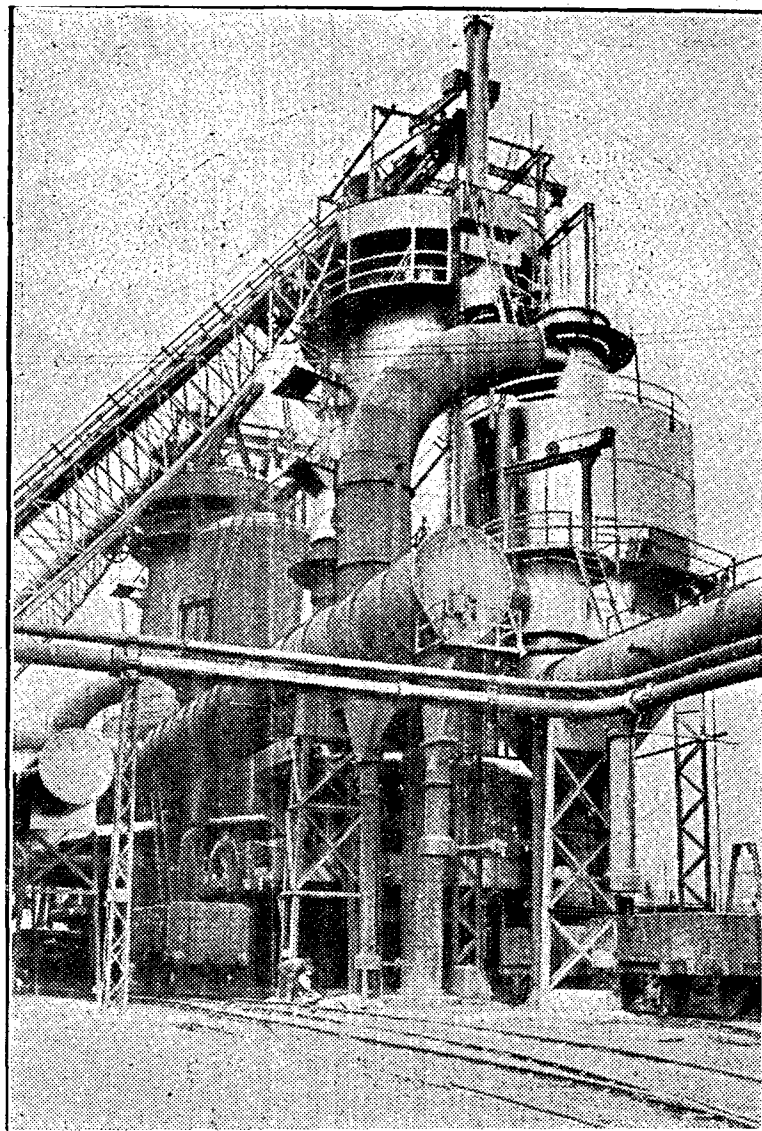
Periwinkle



Horse Gad-fly



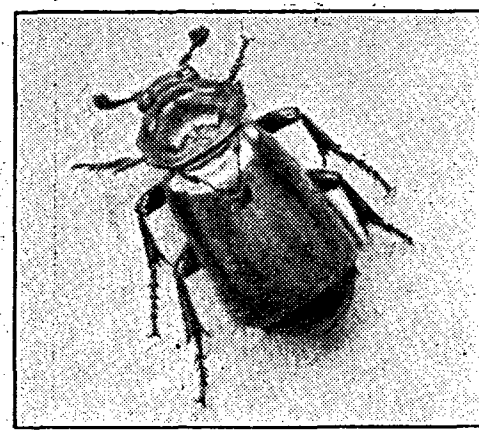
Common Grasshopper



An Up-to-date Iron-works



Haydn and Beethoven in Vienna while the French Army was bombarding the city



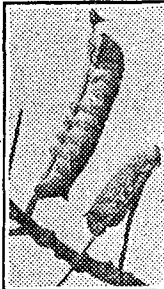
A Burying Beetle



Small Tortoiseshell Caterpillar and Chrysalis



Caterpillar of Poplar Hawk



Prehistoric Painting



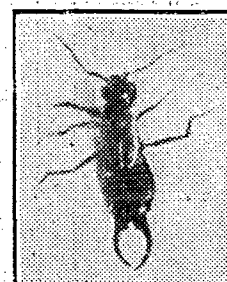
Prehistoric Drawings



Prehistoric Painting



Lime Hawk-moth Caterpillar and Common Earwig



Peacock Butterfly



Wall Butterfly



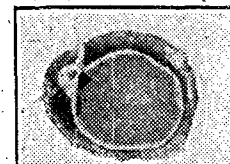
Red-Admiral Caterpillar



Tiger Moth Caterpillars



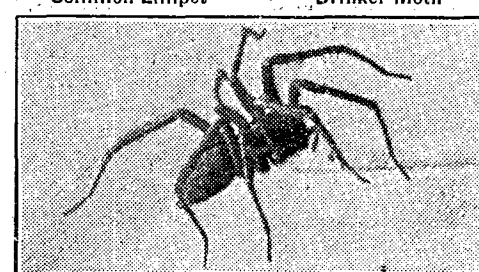
Cocoon of Drinker Moth



Common Limpet



Drinker Moth



Garden Spider

C.N. READERS SHOULD ASK AT ONCE FOR THE CHILDREN'S ENCYCLOPEDIA IN ORDER TO SAVE WAITING FOR THE SECOND PRINTING

THE CAPTURED PLATYPUS

C.N. FRIEND WHO SAW HIM IN NEW YORK

Queer Little Fellow and His Journey Across the Pacific

FIVE SAD DEATHS

A good friend of the C.N., just home from New York, sends us from New College, Oxford, a description of his visit to see the platypus there—the only living platypus ever seen outside Australasia.

We have already met this interesting little creature in the C.N., and recorded his death; but we gladly give these notes by one who knew him.

The cage in which the animal was kept was divided into three sections: first, a honeycomb part; then water with a round column in the centre; then sand with charcoal underneath, to prevent the platypus from burying itself in it. The keeper emptied out the water, and the bottom of the tank was covered with the remains of shrimps and worms. He counted the pieces left, and reckoned that the platypus had eaten 43 shrimps and 16 worms during the night. This, he said, was a fairly good meal, but he had known a platypus to eat 100 shrimps in a night.

A Rough Passage

He cleaned the compartment out with the greatest care and refilled it with clear water, and during this rather tedious operation Mr. Joseph told us that he had started with five of these animals from Australia, four males and one female. The female died almost immediately. He described his trip across the Pacific as being one of the roughest passages imaginable. On the day before reaching Honolulu two of his charges died suddenly, followed by the loss of one more on the following day. These three died from no apparent reason after suddenly refusing all kinds of food. He was very much afraid of losing his last and only platypus, but managed to bring it to San Francisco.

Caught in a Net

At every stop across the continent he telegraphed ahead for water, as the tank was always becoming empty owing to the jolting of the train.

He told us that the platypus was captured by using baited nets. Part of the net was always left in the air, as the animal cannot stay under water for more than six minutes without free oxygen. He had seen as many as six specimens together in a muddy river of Australia. This specimen was younger than the other four, and therefore this may have been another instance of survival of the fittest. He described his unbounded delight at getting the platypus alive into the precincts of New York.

Found in the Corner

The tank being now refilled with water, the keeper removed the lid of the lower part of the cage, and there, cringing in a corner, was the famous little animal. In colour he was dark brown, whitish underneath, and his body eight or nine inches long, with a tail about two inches. His little eyes were very sharp and brown-black in colour. His greeny-grey, duck-like bill had two nostril holes situated about one inch from the tip. He had five webbed toes, but the webbing was folded into the palm of the foot except when swimming.

The honeycomb compartment was divided into six parts, each with a board

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

Marks, which before the war were a shilling each, were recently 50 a penny.

An adder nearly 30 inches long has been caught in Epping Forest. This is believed to be a record.

Idea for the A.A.

The Chicago Motorists' Association employs motor cyclists to sweep up glass lying about the streets.

Correcting the Old Maps

Exploring in the Arctic Ocean, Dr. McMillan sailed 60 miles over what was mapped as land on many maps by early navigators.

Villa in a Railway Arch

A New Zealander living in London has fitted up a railway arch at Harrow as a dwelling-house. It has four rooms, electric light, and every convenience.

U.S.A. Judge an Englishman

The new Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, Justice Sutherland, was born in England. This fact does not shut him out from the legal office, though it would prevent him from becoming President.

Over 7500 competitors entered for the Blackpool Musical Festival.

The Canadian dollar is back at par with the United States dollar for the first time since the war.

The Dog Show

At the Crystal Palace Dog Show, held by the Kennel Club, 4668 dogs, belonging to 61 different breeds, were exhibited.

The Right Way

In Winnipeg anyone found driving a vehicle under the influence of drink goes to prison and his car is confiscated for a month or two.

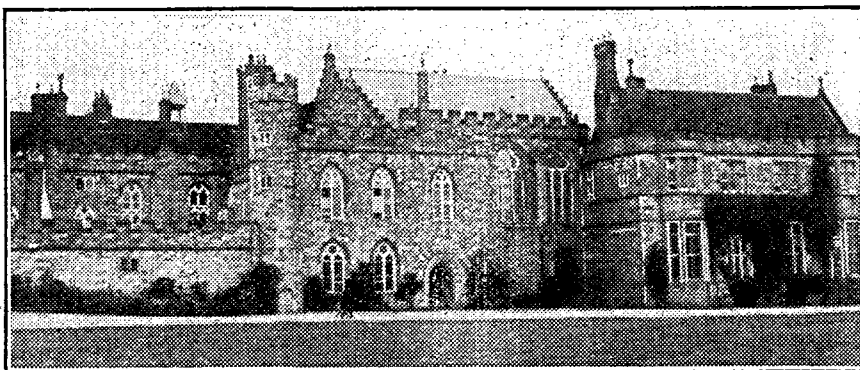
A Century in One Parish

Mrs. Mary Bittison of Lansallos, Cornwall, who has just celebrated her 104th birthday, has never left the parish where she was born, and has never been in a railway train.

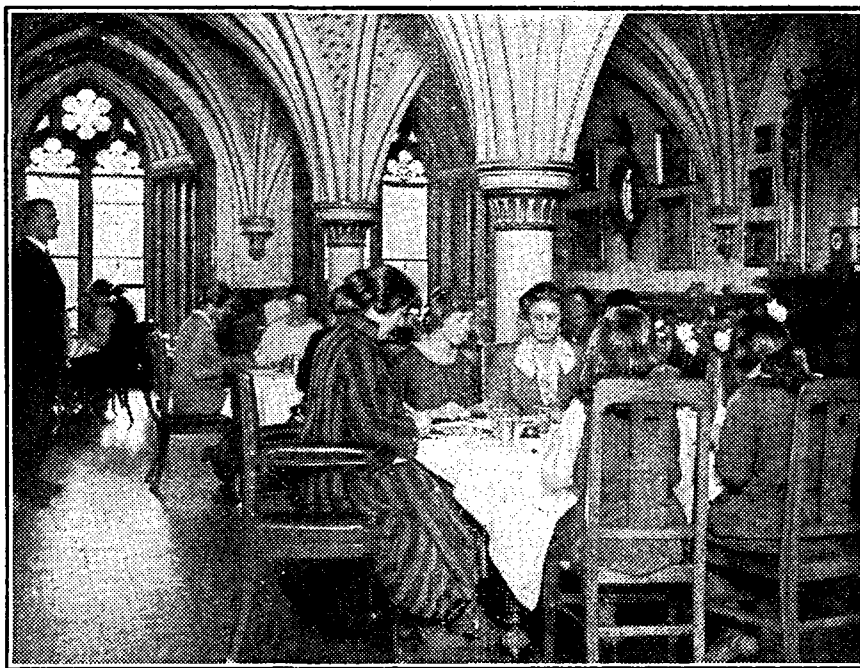
A Chance for Scientists

A Chicago congressman is proposing that an offer of over £200,000 shall be made as a reward to anyone who can find cures for tuberculosis, cancer, pneumonia, paralysis, and epilepsy.

AT SCHOOL IN THE CONQUEROR'S ABBEY



Battle Abbey as it stands today



The headmistress at luncheon with the teachers and girls in the Monks' Parlour

Battle Abbey, founded by William the Conqueror, on the site of the battle of Hastings, has just been leased to a girls' school at Eastbourne, and the girls now live and study in this historic mansion. See page 3

Continued from the previous column

running down, and a hole in each surrounded with rubber. The holes were at alternate ends of the boards, and the animal had to scramble backward and forward up and down the boards to reach the end where a tunnel let him into the water. The keeper touched the animal to make it go into the water, and as he did so it gave a kind of grunt.

The return entrance was then blocked with a slab of stone, and the platypus swam round and round the column, moving his head from side to side, and all the time trying to return to the dry compartment. He came to the surface for oxygen, and it was then that the keeper remarked that the longest time he had ever observed a platypus to stay under water was six minutes and forty-three seconds.

About a week later I received a letter from Dr. Hornaday saying that the animal was progressing favourably and had eaten 50 shrimps the night before; but he quite realised the possibility that at any moment it might die, though he hoped to be successful in keeping this rare reptile-like mammal alive.

Then, on the last day of August, I saw in the papers that the platypus was dead. On telephoning to the keeper I was told he had died from no apparent cause, and that, as usual, he had had very many visitors to see him on the previous day.

I delight to remember that I saw the platypus alive, for, as this specimen was such an expense, it is not likely that we shall have the opportunity to see another platypus alive outside Australia and Tasmania.

REAL TREASURE HUNT

NEARLY TWO MILLION POUNDS IN A SUNKEN SHIP

Romantic Expedition to South Africa

TUNNELLING UNDER THE SEA

Stories of hunts for hidden treasures are always fascinating, and some of the best stories that have ever been written have been concerned with them. In one of them Edgar Allan Poe gave rein to his imagination in an account of the discovery of the hidden hoard of the famous pirate Captain Kidd. In another, Robert Louis Stevenson wrote for a children's weekly a story of adventure in search of treasure that made his name and fame.

Now in real life we have an expedition hard at work in search of a treasure long ago sunk on the shores of the Indian Ocean.

Boxes of Precious Stones

In the year 1782, a fine ship, the Grosvenor, was wrecked on the coast of South Africa, between Port Shepstone and Port St. John's. In the journal of the Overseas League a writer gives us a most interesting account of the treasure known to be in the hold of the Grosvenor, and of the efforts which are being made to recover it.

The ship's documents show that the vessel was in very truth a treasure ship, for she carried gold bars and silver bars and coin, in addition to heaps of precious stones. There are nineteen boxes of diamonds, rubies, sapphires, and emeralds valued at £517,000; 720 bars of gold valued at £420,000; and 1450 bars of silver valued, with coin, at £717,000, a total of £1,654,000.

It seems that the vessel has never been raised, despite her wonderful contents, because the wreck lies in a fissure of rock. The Grosvenor is, as it were, gripped down below in such fashion that she cannot be raised from above.

Approaching the Goal

An enterprising company, including an officer who is related to the captain of the ill-fated vessel, have obtained from the South African Government the sole right to search for the treasure, the Government retaining the right to 15 per cent. of the value of all found.

The treasure hunters are working from the shore, and not from the sea. Their plan is to make a tunnel to the fissure which contains the sunken ship. They have already tunnelled 250 feet, and are approaching their goal. The tunnel has to be made through sandstone, and it is difficult work.

The result will be known in a few months, and it will be an exciting moment when the ship is reached. The adventurers are spending many thousands of pounds, and it will be interesting to see whether their expenditure will be justified. It is certainly one of the world's biggest treasure hunts.

TOWN OF THE SIRENS

Is it Buried Under Sorrento?

In some parts of the world far more history is buried deep under the ground than can be read on the surface, and when any of it is unearthed the historians rush to the spot.

So it is at Sorrento, a pretty town south of Naples, situated on the shin of Italy's leg.

This was where, according to the classical poets, Surrentum, the town of the sirens, stood, and where, according to the old Greek fable, seamen passing by were enticed to their doom by the sweet singing of the sea-witches.

Now, digging at Sorrento has exposed what is believed to be the old town of the fable underneath the modern town.

If this is the town it is thought to be the discovery is another proof that underneath the wildest ancient fables was some element of reality and truth.

WORLD'S BIGGEST GASWORKS

75 Million Feet of Gas Made in a Day

LONDON'S GIANT PUMPS

London has the biggest gasworks in the world, and these are soon to be enlarged to meet the growing needs of the ever-spreading city.

Situated at Beckton, on the north bank of the Thames, they cover 234 acres, or more than a third of a square mile, and are equipped to produce 66 million cubic feet of coal-gas a day. In addition, they are able to make 27 million cubic feet of water-gas. The greatest daily record was 75,985,000 cubic feet, made on December 17, 1920.

Gasworks were never more important than now. Originally started to supply light, they had great difficulty in getting rid of the by-products left after the gas had been extracted from the coal. The coke was sold for fuel, but the companies were at their wits' ends to know what to do with the tar, oil, ammonia, and other evil-smelling liquids.

Driving Gas Through a City

Now more than 200 products are made from these, including dyes, drugs, explosives, paints, roofing, paving, waterproofing, and fertilisers; and even if gas were to go out of use, so that none of it was required for heat, light, or power, the gasworks would still produce it to get the valuable by-products which were once so great a nuisance.

Beckton gasworks have fourteen retort houses, containing 4146 retorts, with an elevated railway running between them, and in the combustion chambers a temperature of 1325 degrees Centigrade is maintained. Originally designed for manual labour, the retorts are now served by electrical stokers, and in all but three of the houses the coke produced during the gas-making process is handled only by mechanical appliances.

Situated in the East End of London, the Beckton works have to pump much of their gas through the city to the west, and to do this there are two great pumping stations, equipped with the very latest machinery. These are kept working regularly, and drive about three million cubic feet of gas westward every hour.

About 5000 tons of coal are used at Beckton every working day.

GOAT AND COW ON THE WARPATH

Attack on a Motor Car

Both a goat and a cow seem to have been on the warpath.

When George Stephenson was giving evidence before a Commission with regard to his locomotive engine and its possibilities, he was asked what would happen if a cow got on the line. "Awkward for the coo," he replied.

And now a cow has been putting Stephenson's opinion to the test. Near Ongar, in Essex, a valuable cow charged a taxi-cab containing five passengers. Its long horns pierced the radiator, and it succeeded in stopping the cab; but its attack proved very awkward for itself, for it dropped dead. We have heard of bulls and buffaloes charging engines, but this is the first time that we have heard of such a fighting cow.

The Irish Billy goat was not so audacious as to attack a motor-car, but it broke loose in the town of Middletown, and for an hour chased the citizens, till at last an ex-soldier tackled it and succeeded in restraining its high spirits.

If this war-spirit continues to spread in this way we shall probably be hearing of invasions by flocks of fighting sheep.

The Conquering Turk

POLITENESS OF AN UNSMILING RACE

Constantinople, the Beautiful Place Where Men of All Nations Meet

THE CROWDS OF BARGAINERS IN THE GREAT BAZAARS

BY OUR INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENT

Our International Correspondent here concludes his account of the good and bad qualities of the Turk, who has so long been a source of trouble to the peace of Europe.

We have seen that the Turk is hard-working, patient, and long-suffering. Educated and ignorant alike, the people of this nation accept whatever lot falls to them with passive and almost melancholy resignation.

Their attitude toward life is summed up by two words that are constantly on their lips—*Kismet*, which means "It is fate," it is no use to struggle against it; and *Yavash*, meaning, broadly, "Don't hurry."

Men Who Dislike Change

The Turks are therefore at the opposite pole of character from the Western nations, which believe that man can control his destiny and make his life what he chooses it to be, and who crowd as much into the day as they can, holding that unless they hurry they will be left behind.

The West is for progress, ready to try changes of many kinds in the hope of improving the world. The Turks dislike changes; they are opposed to all efforts in the direction of reform. This makes them apathetic, even gloomy. Watch a Turkish crowd. There is no light chatter and laughter to be heard. Their faces are unsmiling. They have dignity, but scarcely ever charm.

The Dignified Camel Driver

Their dignity comes from their pride. They are conscious of being a race of conquerors. They look upon all whom they call infidels—that is, all who are not Mohammedans—with a mixture of pity and scorn. If you are a traveller in Turkey you may employ a camel-driver of ragged and dirty appearance, or you may hire a mounted policeman in a filthy uniform and with a rusty old rifle to be your escort. To you they seem to be nowhere near your level of civilisation. You probably think they must be looking up to you as a superior being. Yet both of them in their hearts consider themselves far above you, though they are much too polite to let you know this. It is this sense of superiority mingled with religious fanaticism that makes him a wholesale murderer when he becomes excited, or even when he thinks he may serve a Turkish purpose.

Flowery Speeches

Politeness is found among all Turks, however low in the social scale they may be. In the narrow streets and bazaars of their cities, where it is difficult to pass without jostling, they continually utter courteous phrases and beg one another's pardon. If you call upon an official with some request which he cannot grant, he is too polite to say "No." He puts you off with speeches which mean nothing.

When a local dignitary receives you, he tells you that the hour of your coming is blessed above all other hours, and when you leave he hopes you will glide to your next stopping-place like a boat on the river of Paradise, and sleep like a child which knows its parents are near at hand; and if enemies should approach you "may your eyes flame through the darkness at them, redder than the eyes of ten tigers, to frighten them away."

This does not mean much, but it greases the machinery of intercourse, and it is certainly more pleasant than gruffness and that manner which seems to say, "Be off with you, and don't waste my time!" sometimes met with in countries nearer home!

Nation Without Snobbery

An agreeable trait in the Turkish character is the absence of anything like snobbery, which may be described as valuing people for what they have or for their position in society rather than for what they are. It does not occur to a Turk to ask whether a person is of good birth or how much money he has. He wants to know whether he is a good son and parent, a faithful friend, just and honourable in all his dealings.

One result of this valuation can be found in the small amount of crime in Turkey. Violence is rare. Burglary is almost unknown. When there are disturbances of order or thefts they are generally to be traced to culprits of other nationalities.

The Law of the Prophet

By their religion the Turks are forbidden to touch intoxicating drink, and the vast majority obey this command. The law of the Prophet Mohammed also obliges them to fast during the whole of the day for six weeks every year. This is strictly observed. But they make up for it by eating at night. In Constantinople as soon as the sun sets during the great fast called Ramadan the towers of the mosques are illuminated and the hungry people begin their meals.

No city is more beautifully situated or awakens more interesting memories, though most of them are sad ones. In its busy quarters there is a perpetual throng and movement. The bazaars are always filled with bargain-hunters—for all buying and selling is done by bargaining; there are no fixed prices.

Help From the Women

On the great bridge connecting the Turkish city with the European town of Pera there can be seen men of all the races that inhabit Turkey—Greeks, Bulgarians, Serbs, Rumanians, Armenians, and Mussulmans of every nationality; tall, lean merchants from Bokhara; Central Asian dignitaries, in furred cloaks and turbans set with precious stones; owners of immense herds of sheep from the Asian steppes, in sheep-skin coats; and pilgrims on their way to Mecca, with strings of camels carrying their baggage.

Women are absent from all public places. None serves in shops. Those who go shopping hurry into inner rooms where they can buy unseen. All women are supposed to veil their faces when they leave their houses, but this fashion has been dropping into disuse. They still wear veils, but they do not often hide their faces completely.

If the Turks are ever to take their place among the live nations of the world they must enlist the help of women, and revise the article of their religion which denies women the possession of souls equal to those of men.

INSECT AND A CONTINENT

A TALE OF TWO NATIONS
Will Australia be Peopled with Americans Some Day?

COTTON BOLL WEEVIL'S WORK

Australia's need of population has for some time been a topic of conversation among all those who have at heart the interests of that island-continent and of the British Empire generally.

Now it seems quite likely that the cotton boll weevil, the disastrous pest that has worked such havoc in the cotton fields of America, may play an important part in peopling the southern continent.

The office of the High Commissioner for Australia in New York is being besieged by inquirers from all over the United States who wish to take up cotton-growing in Australia.

Finding that the weevil has either ruined their career in the United States, or has made their livelihood precarious, these farmers and growers, large and small, want to save their capital while they still have any left and take it to Australia. There in a new land they hope to continue the cotton growing that has been their life work in America.

Cotton thrives in Australia, and last year Queensland alone harvested a crop of 1,400,000 pounds of the best kind of cotton, so that there is every prospect of this becoming one of the leading industries in Australia.

Great Prospect for Australia

It would be of the greatest advantage to the empty continent if it could get experienced men who know cotton-growing from A to Z, with capital to finance the business, and also a number of other experienced workers to found a great and flourishing industry there. Australia might in time become what America has been hitherto, the cotton field of the world.

With such an industry, organised by men who have had years of experience in it, it would not be long before Australia would find it necessary to take all the immigrants of the right kind that she could attract.

How strange if an insect which has ruined a great industry in one continent should be the indirect means of starting it as a flourishing business in another continent. Australia may yet be peopled largely as a result of the work of the cotton boll weevil.

FISH AND FRUIT ON ONE TREE

A Traveller's Tale that is True

One of our older readers tells how what seemed an absurdity—that fish and fruit could grow on one tree—proved, in a sense, to be true, although the oyster is not a fish, but a mollusc.

When I was a boy a seafaring man who worked with me interested me much by stories of his adventures in earlier years, and among other sayings he said, "Do you know I have seen fish and fruit growing on one tree?"

I felt sure he was making fun of me, and so did not ask for an explanation.

Later I joined the Royal Navy and voyaged to many parts of the world. Cruising in the West Indies, we dropped anchor in St. Lucia Bay. Landing in command of a boat's crew, I was met by a negro with a basket containing a present from his master to the captain.

I asked what was in the basket, and he said "Oysters." I said, "Have you oyster fisheries here?" and he replied, "Yes; you see these trees"—pointing to large shrubs growing on the muddy parts of the shore—"well, the oysters spawn on the roots of those trees."

Then I saw that what I had heard before as only "a traveller's tale" was, in a sense, true, and that oysters were adhering to the roots of the tree and growing there till they became suitable for the table, while the tree itself was bearing its natural fruit on its branches.

THE WEEK IN HISTORY

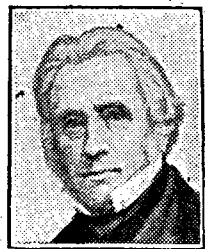
LORD MACAULAY

Clever Boy Who Became a Great Historian

THE PAST MADE TO LIVE AGAIN

Oct. 22. Liszt born at Raiding, Hungary . . . 1811
 23. British seized Canton Forts . . . 1856
 24. James I proclaimed first king of the U.K. 1604
 25. Lord Macaulay born at Rothley Temple . . 1800
 26. N.W. Passage discovered by McClure . . 1850
 27. Servetus burned by Calvin at Geneva . . 1553
 28. Alfred the Great died at Farringdon . . . 901

Thomas Babington Macaulay, born at Rothley Temple, Leicestershire, on October 25, 1800, has been described as the first Englishman who was made a



Lord Macaulay

lord because of the skill and power of his pen; but that is not a fair statement. He was made a peer because of his distinction in everything he did.

Great things were expected from him from his youth. At school and college his stores of knowledge

were known to be enormous. The moment he began to write in earnest he became famous. An article on Milton in the Edinburgh Review was the talk of the country, and remains one of his most striking productions. He entered Parliament, and instantly shone as an orator. He quickly gained a name as a legislator. He went to India as a jurist, and added to his laurels by simplifying the laws of the land. Also, incidentally, he returned with a fortune. He was again elected to Parliament and entered Lord Melbourne's Cabinet. Finally he made a greater popular success with the history of a period in his country's life than has ever been made by any historian in any land. No man ever won the right to be a lord by more varied achievements.

Man Who Enjoyed His Work

But besides these labours and distinctions, Lord Macaulay was a good fellow of the finest type. Nobody knew this who did not know him personally till his life was written by his nephew, Sir George Trevelyan. Then he was seen to be a good son, the best of uncles, the idol of the children who knew him, full of fun, generous, and delightful.

Yet there will always be people ready to throw stones at him, and there is a good reason for that. In his writings he threw stones at so many other people, and thoroughly enjoyed doing it. He was the most pugnacious of historians. He always took sides, and hammered hard those who held opinions differing from his own, no matter how long it was since they lived. And, of course, everybody who has taken a foremost part in history will have foes to the end of time. So Macaulay, with his hearty blows at his historical foes, will get some blows back in criticism.

History Made Interesting

Indeed, as a matter of fact, history may with advantage be written rather more fairly than he, with his strong opinions, wrote it. Colouring may take more shades than black or white, and Macaulay saw things in the past as too exclusively either black or white.

But his weakness had one good effect. It enabled him to make history very interesting. It excited feeling and inquiry. His reader sees the people of the past not as dummy figures, but as men and women of flesh and blood, striving eagerly together, engaged in enterprises for which they greatly cared.

He makes the past live again with all its passions, faiths, and sentiments. He wrote his histories as he lived his life—with vigour; and for that, seeing how dull some history is, his countrymen will always be grateful to him.

CLEANING THE GREAT LAKE

Curious Scheme at an American Resort

A BOON FOR BATHERS

An old dame of the early 19th century, Mrs. Partington, was said to have tried to sweep back from her house with a mop the sea that had been lashed up by a gale.

She might just as well have tried to clean the sea, yet something very much like this is to be done at one of the great lakes of North America, where holiday-makers bathe and boat just as they do at the seaside.

The medical experts of the American Public Health Association have found that at many of the popular resorts on the lakes, where there is little or no current, the water becomes more or less foul, and is a potent factor in spreading disease. It has therefore been suggested that steps should be taken to cleanse the water of the lakes in the neighbourhood of the shore.

A fresh-water lake is, of course, more liable to pollution than the sea, the salts of which act as a disinfectant.

One resort has already decided to do this. On a popular bathing beach near Chicago a system of pipes will be arranged under the water, with vertical connections and perforations through which the foul surface water will be drawn off, and carried away to the city sewers.

The horizontal pipes will be buried in the ground sufficiently deep not to be affected by frost, and valves will prevent water from the sewer passing back into the lake.

See World Map

RED AIR-DUST IN THE ATLANTIC

A Captain's Explanation

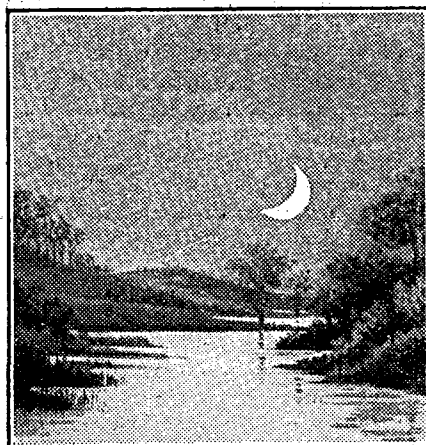
Recently we said that dust from the Sahara is blown sometimes on to ships 1000 miles away. The paragraph has brought us an interesting comment from a marine captain living in the Channel Islands.

On several voyages I noticed that in the north-east trades, between the Canary Islands and the Cape Verde Islands, all the weather side of the rigging and masts became coated with a fine red dust, which was only finally cleared when we got the heavy rain in the calm belt farther on.

A distinguished American naval officer asserts in one of his books that no such dust exists about the African desert, and that the only place where such dust is found is in the Orinoco and Amazon districts of South America.

He thinks that violent storms there cause this fine dust to ascend into the upper atmosphere, and that it is carried away by counter air currents to the north-east (for clouds are always travelling in that direction in the north-east trades), and, approaching the African coast, the dust descends and is carried away to sea again, coating the ships in that vicinity.

THE MOON NEXT WEEK



The moon at 6 p.m., Greenwich time, on Oct. 25

C.N. QUESTION BOX

Little Puzzles in Natural History

Answered by Our Natural Historian

All questions must be asked on postcards, and not more than one question on each card. Name and address must always be given.

Do British Spiders Bite Human Beings?
 Some are reputed to do so, but even if it be true, no British species is poisonous in its effects upon us.

Are Old Frogs Choked by Young Ones?
 The story is quite without foundation. Frogs are amiable creatures, and do not resort to combat.

Are White Cats Usually Deaf?
 Many are, but many hear perfectly. Before buying a white cat one should test the animal's sense of hearing. Albino animals of all kinds are often deaf.

What is the Difference Between Piebald and Skewbald?
 The piebald horse is black and white; the skewbald is white and another colour in patches, except black.

How do Male and Female Pigeons Differ?
 In colour they are much alike, but the male has the bolder head and has a greater show of metallic lustre in the neck-plumage.

Does any Sea Anemone Sting or Hurt Human Beings?

Certainly none of the British species does. The weapons which stun anemone victims are much too feeble to hurt us.

Is the Giraffe a Tender-Skinned Animal?
 The skin may be sensitive, but it cannot be called tender, for on the back it is nearly an inch thick. It is used for whips in Africa.

Have Hares Voices?

Yes; the mothers calling to the hidden young ones when returning to feed them utter a cry like the feeble bleat of a fawn, and the young answer still more softly.

Can a Toad Grow a New Forefoot?
 The power of repair is greatest in the tadpole, but the adult can grow new finger-like stumps from the scar marking the former position of a lost foot.

What is the Fastest Flying Bird?
 We do not know the actual rate at which birds fly. Off hand one would say that the swallows and martins are the speediest, but the hobby pursues and catches them.

Can Syringa Leaves be Used For Salad?
 It is dangerous to express an opinion on a growth with whose properties one is not fully familiar. The golden rule in making a salad is, when in doubt as to an ingredient, leave it out.

Are Coral Islands Being Formed Today?
 Yes; wherever the coral polyp exists coral reefs and islands are in process of formation. The matter is of great importance to navigation, for these growths change the depths of the sea.

Why do Our Eyes Water When We Peel Onions?

The peeling of the onion releases a pungent vapour which irritates the nerves of the nose and eyes. If the tears did not flow, dry eyeballs would be made sore by the vapour.

What Makes the Quickest Growth in the Vegetable Kingdom?

The answer is to be found among the funguses. One of these springs in a night from a microscopic spore to an enormous size. It is supposed to produce 96 million tiny cells a minute, and to complete its growth in 12 hours.

Newspaper Notes and Queries

What is a Naut? This is only another spelling of the nautical term knot.

What is a Scrutoire? A writing desk with a hinged flap, which, when opened out, forms a table for writing on.

What is Phosphor Bronze? Bronze containing from one to two per cent. of phosphorus—very hard, and much used for cogwheels, valves, and propellers.

What is a Protocol? In diplomacy this is a preliminary document on the basis of which discussions are carried on. It is also the term used for an agreement indicating the results reached at a particular stage of negotiations.

THE MOON'S CRATERS

SUNRISE ON THE LUNAR HEIGHTS

How to See the Great Walled Plains

SOLITUDE OF A SILENT WORLD

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

Next Thursday evening, October 26, the Moon will be near the planet Mars.

He will be found about thirteen times the Moon's apparent width, when full, below and slightly to the left of our satellite.

Mars, owing to the rapidity with which the Earth is leaving him behind, is now about 95 million miles away, or two million farther than the Sun. This is why he has so decreased in apparent brilliance, being less than many of the stars; but he is still the brightest object in the southern part of the sky, between 6 and 8.30 o'clock p.m., after which he sinks too low to be seen easily.

The Moon on the evening of October 26 will be nearly six days old, and, if fine, there will be an opportunity of seeing two of her large craters, or "walled plains," Aristoteles and Eudoxus.

The Moon Through a Field-Glass

They will be found on or near the edge of the inner curve of the rather thick crescent Moon, and very near the top, or north, cusp.

Field-glasses or a small hand telescope, provided they are steadied by being rested against something firm, will reveal these objects quite easily.

As the Sun rises higher over the Moon's landscape the mountain peaks and tops of the great craters are lit up one after the other, in advance of the valleys, low-lying plains, and sea-bed regions. It is then that these and other great craters, fifty to sixty miles across, may distinctly be seen, sometimes projecting from this inner curve of light and shade, like almost perfect rings, which in the course of an evening will gradually become absorbed by the Moon's bright surface as sunrise progresses there.

Rings of Light

It must be remembered that sunrise is a much slower event on the Moon than on our Earth. The beams of the rising Sun go round our globe 25,000 miles in but 24 hours, while on the Moon they take 29 days and 12 hours to go round barely 7000 miles, the circumference of our satellite.

Now, in the course of next Thursday evening and night sunrise will be occurring on these two craters Aristoteles and Eudoxus, and they may be seen, partly as rings projecting into the dark unlit area, if looked for at the right time.

Aristoteles is about its own width above Eudoxus, and has a small crater attached to its right, or western, wall. This wall of mountains rises to nearly 11,000 feet above the central plain of the great crater, which is almost circular and about fifty miles across.

Crater Bigger Than Mont Blanc

There are several small hillocks and a few little craters at intervals over this plain, and a small hill, exactly in the centre.

Eudoxus, though smaller, has a loftier circle of mountains surrounding it, from 11,300 to 15,000 feet high on the western side.

Mont Blanc could be placed inside this crater and its snow-capped summit would only just reach the level of the peaks of Eudoxus; but no snow can be seen on these peaks, for there is no appreciable atmosphere to deposit it there, although some of the most expert observers consider there is evidence of a very rarefied atmosphere down in the valleys and crater depths.

How still must be the solitude on those lunar heights, where the stars will shine as bright at midday as at midnight.

G. F. M.

THE HOUSE OF SILENCE

A School Story
With a Mystery

Told by T. C. Bridges,
the C.N. Storyteller

CHAPTER 20

Ray Finds Himself

"DON'T be scared, Ray," said Jimmy.

"I—I'm not scared; at least, not in a way you think I'm scared," returned Ray.

Jimmy stared.

"There's only one way of being scared," he said.

"There isn't. Can't you understand? I'm scared of being scared, of getting nervous and making a mess of it."

Jimmy grinned broadly.

"Don't you worry, old chap. We all get that feeling, especially in our first match. But what really happens is that, once you start in, you forget all about it and think of nothing but the ball. That's it, isn't it, Bob?"

"That's it," echoed Bob Dane. "You'll be all right, Ray, and if you play as well as you did in the last practice game, I do believe we'll hammer C Dormitory."

The three were talking in the changing room, where they were getting into flannels and shorts and jerseys before the first dormitory match of the season.

Dormitory matches were the big thing at Charnminster. There were seven big dormitories, running from A to G, and each year there was keen competition for the cup given to the winning dormitory. In the previous year B had been top dormitory, and the great silver cup stood on a bracket over the fireplace in the long room.

Unfortunately, no fewer than six of B's biggest and best players had left during the summer, and those who remained, though keen as mustard, were mostly small and rather young boys. Searle, their captain, knew only too well that there was precious little chance of B Dormitory keeping the trophy for another year.

But Searle, himself a fine player, was also a good captain, and, knowing how hard he was going to be driven for good material, had started work on the very first day of term. He had got together the nine old members of the team and set them to practise. Then, one after another, he had tried out every one of the newer boys who showed any sign of promise.

At first he had given hardly two thoughts to Raymond Cartwright, for the boy looked so slight, and, in truth, so scared, that it did not seem likely he would make a footballer. Also, he had never played before. But when Jimmy had got Ray up to the field, and Ray had displayed this quite startling and unexpected turn of speed, it was not long before Searle began to take notice. Very soon he had made up his mind that Ray would make a very useful three-quarter.

The announcement that he was to play for the dormitory had made a bigger difference to Ray than anything yet. It filled him with a new ambition, and, besides, he was desperately anxious to do credit to Jimmy.

He practised early and late; he gave up cake and pudding; he went for training runs; and every day he got harder and fitter.

Indeed, the change in Ray was so great that Jimmy could hardly believe his eyes. It didn't seem possible that this shy, delicate-looking boy could develop so rapidly.

Then there was another side to it. The boys in B, who were a clannish lot, and with whom Jimmy was very popular, had at first shown Ray the cold shoulder; but now they began to change.

"If Cartwright's good enough to be Jimmy Clayton's pal, he's good

enough for us," was the way they reasoned.

So they began to treat him as one of themselves, and that was the best thing in the world for Ray. He responded as a flower does to a warm sun. He gained the self-confidence that he had so badly needed.

In Form, too, it made a difference. Though Arden and his unpleasant gang were even more hostile than ever, and did their best to make things hot for Ray, a good many of the other boys changed round and became friendly.

Ray did not neglect his music, but he worked hard at his lessons and began to go up in class. In the last weekly order he had been among the first ten; and Slogger himself had twice commended him for a specially good bit of work.

It need not be supposed that all this had escaped the notice of the bullies. Not a bit of it. Arden and Bulmer were furious. As for Hogan, though he never said as much as the other two, secretly he was much more upset than they.

Hogan was no fool, and he saw more plainly than any of them that Ray, whom at first he had utterly despised, really had a good chance for the de Salis scholarship. And he vowed to himself that, whatever happened, Ray should never win it.

CHAPTER 21

The Dormitory Match

"GROUND is in a nice mess," remarked Jimmy as he and Ray and Bob arrived in the playing-field.

"It is pretty wet," agreed Ray. "But I don't think that will be any the worse for us, Jimmy."

"How do you mean?"

"Why, I think we can keep our feet better than those big chaps in C."

"Hope you're right," said Jimmy, as they joined the other members of their team.

Searle was speaking.

"We don't want too much scrumming, you chaps," he said. "Their pack is too heavy for us. Our tactics are to keep the ball moving. Now keep your heads, all of you, and remember that if we can beat this crowd we ought to keep the cup."

The whistle blew, the two teams lined up, and Ray, glancing at the burly figures of Arden, Bulmer and others opposite, felt his heart sink.

C Dormitory had half as much weight again as B. There did not seem a possible chance for his own side. But with an effort of will he put these thoughts aside, and vowed to himself that he would do his best.

Next moment Searle had kicked off, and the game began.

Everyone knew it was going to be hot, but perhaps no one except Searle had the least notion how hot. The fact was that C fancied themselves for the cup, and they were out to beat B thoroughly in the first tie.

Also, there was a certain amount of spite. Arden and Co. were out to down Jimmy and Ray at any price.

Just as Searle had prophesied, the big C forwards proved too strong for his lighter team, and it became plain that B's only chance was to play an open game and trust largely to their backs.

At first the advantage was all with the C team, whose heavy pack kept bursting through, and it was all that Searle's boys could do to drive back the constant attacks on their goal line.

Suddenly the ball shot out of the scrum straight toward Ray, and in a flash he had got it and was off.

Dashing round the outer edge of the C forwards, he gained speed at every yard, and a roar of cheering

rose from the lookers-on as it was seen that there were only three boys, including the full-back, between him and the goal.

Dodging, twisting, swerving, he passed two of them, then the full-back—Hogan himself—rushed to meet him.

Ray, with his heart in his mouth, knew that his only chance was to dodge; yet knew, too, that he must not let the other realise his intention. He went straight for Hogan, and the spectators held their breath for the expected collision.

Then—it was all so quick the eye could hardly follow it—Hogan was left wildly clawing the air, while Ray had raced in and touched down actually between the goal posts. Roars—shrieks—greeted this performance; but Ray's real reward was Searle's hand on his shoulder and his warm:

"Oh, well played, kid!"

Searle kicked the goal, and the game went on.

Ray's team were tremendously set up, but Arden's face was uglier than usual, and as for Hogan's narrowed eyes and tight-set lips told Ray that next time they met there was trouble in store.

Half-time came without further score. Then the C men rallied, and began to press the B's heavily; and in spite of every effort they scored a try. But it was far out, and they failed to turn it into a goal; so B still led.

A quarter of an hour to go; then suddenly C broke through again and got a second try.

Searle's hopes fell to zero, for unless his team could make another score the game was lost. He whispered a word or two to those nearest, and next moment he had the ball himself and was dribbling it down the ground at great speed.

He was more than half-way down before he was forced over the touch line. A scrum followed the line-out and one of the B three-quarters got the ball. He was instantly collared, but not before he had "passed," and once more Ray found the ball in his hands. Again he was off, and this time the dead silence of the spectators showed how they were keyed up.

CHAPTER 22

Foul Play

ALMOST at once Ray was clear, and running at pretty nearly hundred-yards pace down the field.

Again only Hogan was between him and the goal-line, but this time Ray felt it in his bones that he would not dodge him so easily. Hogan's hard face was black with anger and malice as he charged at Ray. Ray dared to glance back and saw that Jimmy was racing up behind him. In a flash he had made up his mind what to do, and saw, too, that Jimmy had guessed his intention.

Just as Hogan was almost on him, Ray flung the ball back to Jimmy. Whether he caught it or not he could not see, for almost at the same instant Hogan was on him.

Even in that fraction of a second Ray realised Hogan's intention—

saw that it was not the ball he was after, but revenge.

It was too late to dodge. Next instant, Hogan's whole weight struck him with a stunning shock. Stars flashed before his eyes. He went reeling back, fell full length in the trampled mud, and lay there very still.

For the moment no one paid any attention, for all eyes were on Jimmy, who, closely pursued by two of the C players, raced desperately for the goal-line. Then came such a roar of cheering as sent the rooks fluttering up from the big elms at the end of the field as it was seen that Jimmy was over the line and that B dormitory had scored for a second time, and, barring accidents, had won the match.

Searle was the first to reach the spot where Ray was lying, and his face was very grim as he swung round on Hogan.

"You did that on purpose," he said in a low, tense voice. "Cartwright had passed the ball before you tackled him."

Hogan was much too clever to contradict Searle flatly.

"I saw he had, Searle, but I was too late to stop," he answered quietly. "I only hope he isn't hurt much."

"If he is, you'll pay for it," was all that Searle said as he picked up Ray and carried him toward the pavilion.

The school doctor took him, and the others went back to finish the game.

There was barely five minutes left to go, and neither side scored again before the whistle blew, so, although the B team failed to convert the last try, they won by a goal and a try to two tries.

In spite of their natural delight at winning the great match, the faces of the B Dormitory team were grave as they hurried back to change. Each one of them knew that they owed their victory entirely to the pluck and pace of the once-despised new boy and they were anxious and upset about the accident.

Jimmy's face in particular was positively grim as he strode alongside Bob Dane. He never said a word, but his eyes were on Arden and his two companions, who were walking quickly on ahead.

They seemed bent on getting back to their change room as soon as possible.

Arrived there, Arden for the first time permitted himself to grin.

"You did that jolly neatly, Hogan," he remarked, with an ugly chuckle. "That brat ought to be out of the running for the rest of term. You're safe for the scholarship all right now."

The words were hardly out of his mouth before another boy burst in upon them. It was Jimmy Clayton, his honest face flaming.

"You brute!" he cried. "I knew all along that was what you were after. But now I've heard what you said, Arden, I'll take jolly good care that everyone else knows it, too."

TO BE CONTINUED

Five-Minute Story

Rover's Bath

"DON'T stand arguing with me," said Farmer Texall crossly. "I've told you I won't have the dog in that field, and I mean what I say."

Ted flushed. "I only take Rover there for his morning swim," he replied. "He'll miss it terribly, and he never does any harm. It—it was only this morning I left the gate open."

"And the chestnut colt was found over in the Manor gardens," retorted the farmer. "You'll have to find another pond for that dog of yours, and if you bring him after this I'll write to the doctor."

Ted turned away, his heart swelling with indignation. It was too mean of old Texall, and if it hadn't been for Dad being worried enough already over the measles epidemic he would have taken Rover to the Long Meadow tomorrow as usual. He felt he hated Farmer Texall, who knew perfectly well there was no other pond.

Three days later the doctor called his little son to take some medicine across to the Texall Farm. Ted very nearly refused, but somehow, dear and kind as Dad was, he was not the sort of father to be defied. So Ted went.

As he turned up the path to the farm he heard a curious noise, an angry, baa-ing noise, followed by a peal of merry laughter. The next second a cry of horror broke from his lips at sight of Farmer Texall's four-year-old Nellie standing under one of the cherry trees with both arms round a small kid, while an indignant Nanny goat came charging down, her intentions toward the stealer of her baby quite plain.

Ted didn't stop to think of anything but the need to reach that golden-haired little lass before her foe. Over the rail he vaulted and made his rush heedless of the shout of amazed fear which came from Farmer Texall, who from a further distance had seen his darling's danger.

"Pretty little pet," cooed Nellie, hugging the kid.

Ted flung himself forward, only just in front of the child!

He never quite knew what did happen then. Nancy, the goat, sent him backward with her first rush; but Ted managed to get hold of her horns and lay fighting desperately when the farmer came up.

Nellie laughed and screamed; the kid bleated piteously.

Nancy was dragged off in disgrace. Then Farmer Texall came and helped Ted up. He was very white and trembling.

"You saved my Nellie, lad," he said. "I don't know how to thank you, but if there's anything—"

Ted, rather dizzy and very bruised, but not owing to such injuries as a boy ought to call just nothing, smiled broadly.

"May Rover have his bath every day again?" he asked.

And you'll know what Farmer Texall said to that!

THE GREAT MAGAZINE FOR C.N. READERS

The C.N. is unmatched among newspapers

The C.N. Monthly is unmatched among magazines

THIS ORDER FORM WILL BRING YOU A COPY

To.....Newsagent

Please deliver until further notice the monthly companion of the C.N., My Magazine, beginning with the current issue

Name
and
Address

Give this to the newsagent who delivers the C.N.

Oh, the Sweet Contentment the Simple Mind Doth Find

D! MERRYMAN

"WHAT a squeaky old car!" said the prospective buyer of the very ancient second-hand machine. "Squeaky?" queried he who wanted to sell, and then, as a bright idea struck him, "Oh, that must be the pig iron in the axles!"

What Am I?

A PIECE of kitchen furniture, I'm useful in my place, And servants always like to see My comfortable face.

Transpose me, quickly drive me hence;

Alas! My pretty creatures, Where I remain are little sense And sadly altered features.

Solution next week

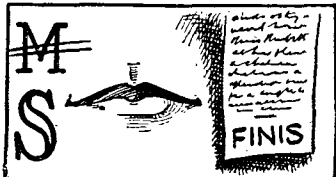
WHY is the sun like a well-made loaf?

Because it is light when it rises.

Epitaph on an Honest Man

AN honest fellow here is laid, His debts in full he always paid; And, what's more strange, the neighbours tell us He brought back borrowed umbrellas.

Do You Live Here?



What town does this picture represent?

Solution next week

WHEN a man falls out of a window, what does he fall against?

Against his will.

His Crowning Glory

THERE was an old man of Kildare, On his head there was only one hair.

"It's awkward," he said, "To have such a head, But I'm told it's exceedingly rare."

WHEN is a ship like the floor of a room? When it is boarded.



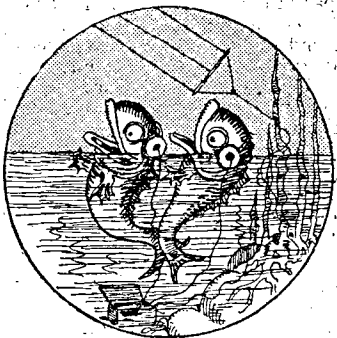
The Escapades of Johnny Crock

JOHNNY CROCK, whose legs were short, Once called on Mrs. Cow, And said, "I can't run fast enough." She said, "I'll show you how." For his back legs she made some stilts, And Johnny put them on. When Mrs. Cow turned round to look She found that he had gone.

Queer Arithmetic

IN one multiplication sum use the figures 0, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9. The sum must be correct, and each figure used once only. Can you do this? Solution next week

It Pays to Listen In



"WE can hear an artful angler on the bank,"

Said the fishes, "so it won't be safe to wait.

For this warning we've our radio set to thank;

Let's be off before we're tempted by the bait!"

Poor Pa Pays

GREAT news in the home! Big brother Jack had passed for his B.A. degree.

"What will he be going in for next?" asked Jack's uncle.

Father went on reading Jack's letter.

"I hope it will be for a J.O.B.," he said as he reached for his cheque-book.

WHERE can we find sea without water, towns without houses, and the earth without inhabitants?

In a map.

The Missing E's

IN the English language E is the letter most often used, but, as the following verses prove, it is not indispensable. Not only has E been entirely omitted, but each verse contains every other letter of the alphabet.

A jovial swain should not complain

Of any buxom fair

Who mocks his pain and thinks it gain

To quiz his awkward air.

Quixotic boys who look for joys

Quixotic hazards run;

A lass annoys with trivial toys,

Opposing man for fun.

A jovial swain may rack his brain

And tax his fancy's might;

To quiz is vain, for 'tis most plain

That what I say is right.

A Difficult Feat

A MAYOR in a town that shall be nameless announced that he intended to hold the quarter sessions once a month.

Dreaming

A LITTLE boy lay a-dreaming Upon his mother's lap, And he dreamed that the pins fell out of the stars,

And the stars fell into his cap.

So when the dream was over

What did this little boy do?

Why, he went and looked inside his cap

And found it was not true.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

Changed Letters

Rose—hose, rise, rope, Ross

Buried Names

Ionian, Rye, Seine, Dover, Ely

A Painting Problem

Twelve days, because the walls would be four times as large.

Who Was She?

The much-loved sister was Mary Lamb

Jacko the Stowaway

WHEN Jacko felt the boat moving under him he had the shock of his life.

He sprang out of the cabin, where he had been poking around, and dashed up the hatchway on to the deck.

Already there was a wide strip of water between the boat and the shore.

"Coo!" muttered Jacko. "Now I've done it!"

At first he thought he would make a dive for it. He could swim, but it wouldn't be too easy with his clothes on. And every moment that strip of water was getting wider and wider.

And then suddenly he began to grin. Why should he go ashore? He'd go to sea and be a sailor!

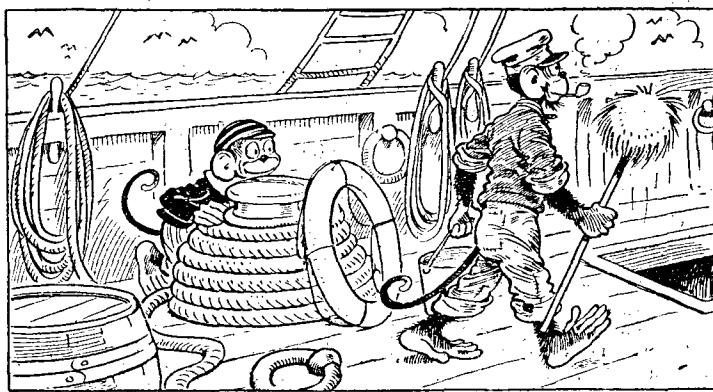
He looked round. Had anyone seen him?

It wasn't likely; the men were all too busy.

Jacko ducked his head, bent double, and scuttled along to a less conspicuous part of the boat. He'd hide, for a bit at any rate, in the fo'c'sle. By and by, when he got the chance, he'd run down into the men's living quarters and find a dark corner where nobody would be likely to catch sight of him.

Just then he heard someone shouting. He bobbed down behind a great coil of rope, and listened.

A jolly sailor, named Jack, came pattering along the deck.



Jacko bobbed down behind a great coil of rope

"See anyone about just now?" he called out to somebody.

"No," said another voice. "Who?"

"That's what I wanted to know," said Jack. "I thought I saw a strange little figure just about where I am standing."

Jacko wriggled down a bit lower.

"You're seeing ghosts!" said the other man.

"I didn't know ghosts could run," replied Jack, "and the one I saw ran like a flash of lightning."

"Well, he can't have run very far, whoever he is," said the other man. "It must have been the boy."

Jacko's heart nearly stopped beating—for a moment—and then he realised that it was the ship's boy they meant.

"Where is that boy?" asked Jack. "I haven't seen him since we came aboard. Boy!" he shouted. Nobody answered.

"He's asleep, as usual," said the other man; and to Jacko's horror he began strolling along the deck. Another yard and he'd be discovered.

In his excitement Jacko almost overbalanced. He put out his hand to steady himself, and instantly there was a shout. The sailor had seen it.

"There he is! Behind the wheel!" he shouted.

Jacko held his breath! Now he was in for it!

But at that moment a great bell clanged, and the sailor and his mate swung round and made off.

Jacko took a long breath.

"Coo!" he muttered. "So far, so good! But I'll have to find somewhere a bit safer than this."

He waited a few minutes, and then, hearing nobody about, he ran across to the hatchway, and disappeared.

The paragraph on the right is a French translation of the paragraph on the left

The Fire-Cycle

In the case of small fires, the Paris fire department does not turn out the engines, with their elaborate apparatus and a dozen firemen, but sends three men on a motor-cycle, with the fire-fighting apparatus enclosed in a small box attached to the driver's seat.

It is found to be quite equal to subduing a small outbreak, of which many occur daily in a big city, and the motor bicycle can get through the traffic with much greater ease and speed than the fire engine.

La Motocyclette à Incendie

Pour les petits incendies le corps de pompiers de Paris n'envoie pas les pompes, avec leur appareil compliqué et une douzaine de pompiers, mais simplement trois hommes montés sur une motocyclette, avec un extincteur renfermé dans un étui attaché à la selle du conducteur.

C'est tout à fait suffisant pour éteindre les petits incendies qui éclatent chaque jour dans une grande ville; et la motocyclette peut se frayer un chemin dans l'encombrement des rues avec beaucoup plus de facilité et de célérité que la pompe à incendie.

Tales Before Bedtime

Apple Pies

JACK and Jill wanted very much to go to school.

They thought it would be fun to start out every morning with satchels on their backs, and surely lessons with other little boys and girls must be more interesting than those Miss Jebb taught them in their own schoolroom?

Miss Jebb was terribly strict, and she liked going for long, dull walks better than playing cricket in the garden.

One day Jill read about a girl who made an apple-pie bed for a disagreeable governess, and this gave Jack an idea.

"We'll make an apple-pie bed for Miss Jebb," he said.

Jill was shocked at first, but Jack was so sure that an apple-pie bed would cure Miss Jebb's strictness, and Jill felt so cross about having extra sums to do, that at last she said: "Very well, we will. It will serve her right."

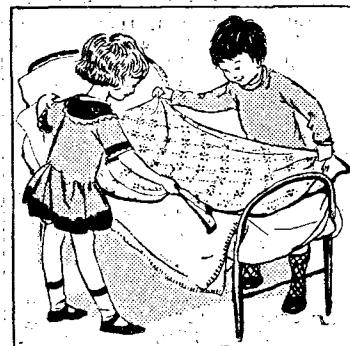
The children's two little beds were in a large room opening out of Miss Jebb's, and the next day, when they went upstairs to make themselves tidy for tea, they carried lots of queer things under their overalls. Jack had a hairy caterpillar, a dead beetle—Miss Jebb hated beetles—some prickly holly leaves, two green apples, and a hair-brush.

Jill had some crumbly biscuits, her old fur rabbit, some squashy oranges, and a thistle.

They crept into Miss Jebb's bedroom and arranged all these things as a surprise for their poor governess when she went to bed that night.

Jill was frightened when the bed was made, but Jack, who had two columns of spelling to learn, said he wished he had put a live frog in as well.

At seven o'clock Miss Jebb



Arranging the surprise

bathed them and marched them off to her room.

"But we don't sleep here!" cried Jack and Jill together.

"Yes, you do tonight," said the governess. "The roof is leaking over your beds, and you can't sleep in them. You must stay here; I am going into the spare room."

And she popped them both right into the middle of the prickly holly leaves, thistles, and everything!

Of course, they screamed; but all Miss Jebb said was: "It serves you right!"

The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

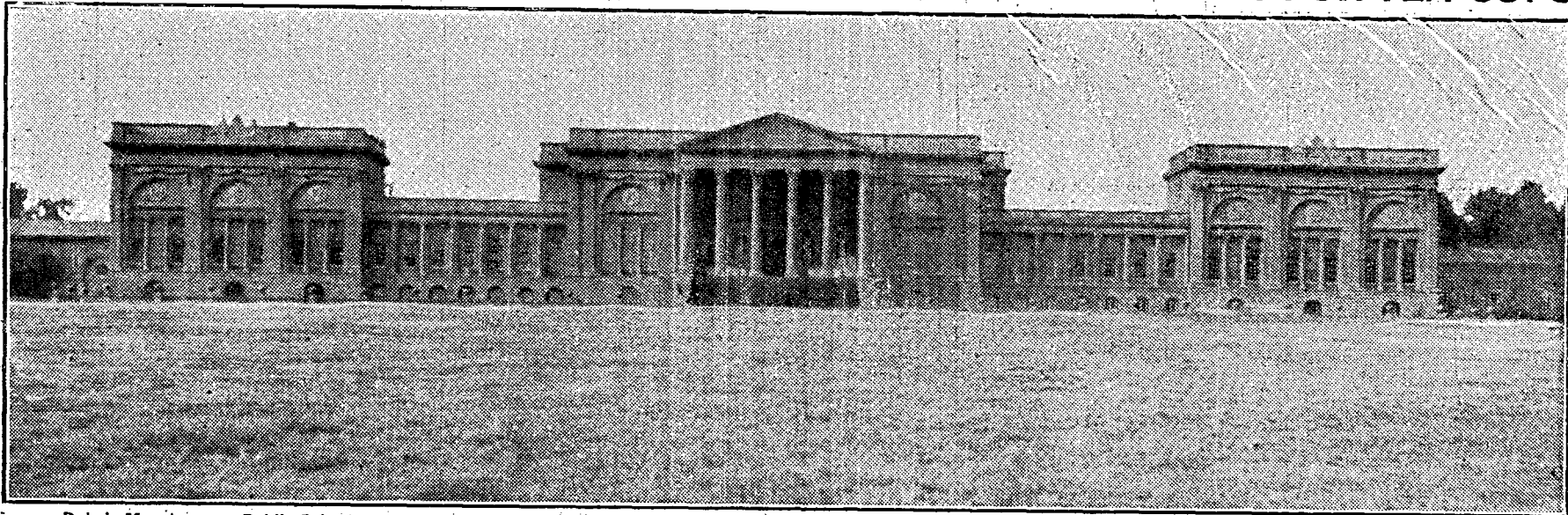
CHILDRENS NEWSPAPER

October 21, 1922

Every Thursday, 2d.

The C.N. is posted anywhere abroad for 11s. a year; inland, 13s. My Magazine, published on the 15th of each month, is posted abroad for 14s.; Canada, 13s. 6d.; British Isles, 14s. 6d. See below.

NEW PUBLIC SCHOOL FOR BOYS • MUSK-OX IN LONDON • FLINTS FOR TEA-CUPS



Duke's Mansion as a Public School—Stowe House the splendid seat of the Dukes of Buckingham and Chandos, which is to become a new public school for boys. See page 3



Giant Water-pipes for London—These pipes, which are being laid from Walton-on-Thames to Honor Oak to bring increased supplies of water to London, are said to be the biggest that have ever been laid in England



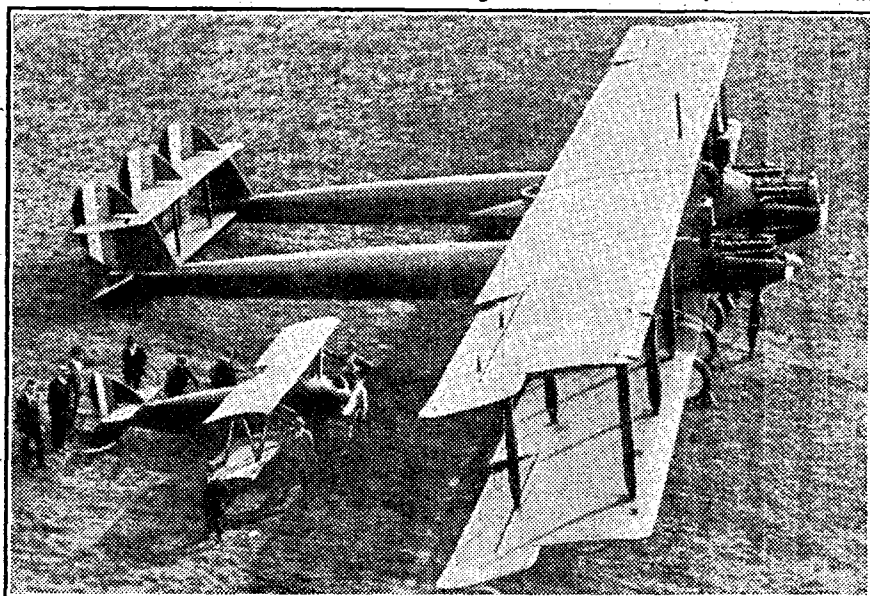
Food for the Greeks—Food for the beaten Greeks was floated ashore at Mersin, in Thrace, in barrels thrown overboard from ships



Musk-Ox in London—This musk-ox, which has arrived at the London Zoo, is the first to come to England, and is attracting much attention. Although in prehistoric times the musk-ox roamed over Britain, it is now confined to Greenland and Arctic Canada



Tandem Riders Off for a Spin—The four-year-old twin boys shown in this picture are skilful cyclists, and are said to be the youngest tandem riders in the world. The frame of their machine is ten inches high



A Small Aeroplane and Its Big Brother—The largest and smallest aeroplanes in the United States Air Service. The large machine can carry a load of 8000 pounds at 106 miles an hour



Flints for the Tea-Cup—Gathering flints on the Sussex Coast near Winchelsea for the Potteries, where they are used in the making of tea-cups, plates, and other pottery

ALL THE WORLD LOVES THE C.N. MONTHLY. ASK FOR MY MAGAZINE. EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

The Children's Newspaper is printed and published every Thursday by the proprietors, the Amalgamated Press (1922), Ltd., The Fleetway House, Farringdon St., London, E.C. 4. It is registered as a newspaper and for transmission by Canadian post. It can be ordered (with My Magazine) from these agents: Canada, Imperial News Company; Australasia, Gordon and Gotch; South Africa, Central News Agency; India, A. H. Wheeler and Co. N.Y.